



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 37 – Number 6

October 2019

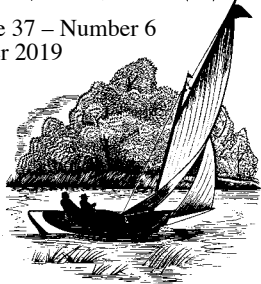
**Highlights
in This Issue**
Old Boat Designs & Wind Power - Out of Gloucester
Cape Ann Interlude - Howl at the Moon Cruise
A Solway Gale - Turning a Sandwich Maker into a Sailor
Building a Traditional Japanese Boat
The Joy of Six10... Clam Girl - The Building of Helge



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Our cover photo from the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival announcement and the three pages of photos of traditional small craft at play at the Down East Chapter TSCA Small Reach Regatta on pages 8-9-10 sorta focused my wandering memories back onto what originally grabbed me in small boats, traditional wooden boats. Locally it was the Swampscott Dory that enchanted me and soon after reading John Gardner's *Dory Book* I began to notice the variety of other small wooden boats out there in what was for me, a new world of boating (in 1978 or so, now so far in my past).

Attendance at the annual Small Craft meet at Mystic Seaport each June soon followed and after that it was gather together the names of other small craft folks from my area to form a traditional small craft club, which happened about 1980 or thereabouts (it still is active as a TSCA Chapter). In early 1983 attendance at the TSCA Annual Meeting at Mystic brought me perilously close to taking on editing its journal, the *Ash Breeze*, which position was being vacated and so up for grabs. I opted out after learning more about how the TSCA functioned then, but the editing/publishing urge was there as I was about to fold up my existing small motorcycle sport magazine after 14 years so I decided to launch *MAIB* for something to do.

Many of you who have been with us a while already know all this bit of history but I bring it up now stimulated by these latest appearances of traditional small craft on our pages to comment on how our purview has expanded over the intervening 37 years to encompass all sorts of small boats (and now and then a few bigger ones). A focus on just traditional boats would not have supported the circulation needed to make a small magazine pay enough to support me and as new ways and materials for building small boats appeared, we had the place for those so inclined to tell their stories, perhaps encouraging others to take the plunge.

The level of woodworking skills needed to build boats of wood in the traditional fashion was a put off for those lacking those skills, but plywood and epoxy arose to offer that famous "quick and dirty" boat building opportunity along with many new designs appropriate for such a level of boat building. When kits for some of these appeared on the scene, a last hurdle in the way for the inexperienced dreamer to build his own boat was overcome.

And so we acquired a large enough readership to make *MAIB* stay afloat over all these years. My own involvement other than doing the magazine included owning (and rebuilding) several small traditional boats until the urge to build my own came over me and I designed (yes, indeed, my own ideas) a small 10' plywood stitch and glue kayak, which turned out quite successful and I was able to offer building instructions and full size kraft paper patterns to those who found it attractive. About 250 sets of these eventually got into circulation. I could never have done this with a traditionally built design, I'm just not craftsman enough to work real wood into the shapes required.

My choice of *Messing About in Boats* as title was based, of course, on Ratty's famous saying from *Wind in the Willows*, but it was fortuitous for as our range of coverage expanded it was still a sort of catch all title, covering almost any sort of boat one cared to get interested in.

I still harbor my original interest in traditionally built boats, which prompted me a year or so ago to acquire the 1929 Old Town Lake Rowboat I've mentioned in several issues as an exercise in again working on a traditionally constructed wooden boat, reconditioning (not restoring, my level of workmanship does not reach that high) for the simple pleasure of again messing about in boats in manner that first interested me 40 or more years ago. It is a sideline project here, for turning out *MAIB* is still the main game as we struggle to survive the onslaught of the internet on our circulation. I continue to be optimistic.

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On the Cover...

Here's a nice scene on our cover from the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival a year ago, on again this month October 4 and 5 for the 37th year. It's only gotten better over time, thanks to the sponsoring Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum and the ongoing strong support from many TSCA members who volunteer on the scene year after year after year. And on pages 8-10 we have multiple scenes from another big traditional small craft meet, the Small Reach Regatta in Brooklin, Maine, a triumph of energetic volunteer work by the Down East Chapter of the TSCA. All of these traditionally built wooden boats in one place is inspirational for those who truly love those old ways and the boats they created.



Harkening Back With Harvey
"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."
Images by Harvey Petersiel
Heading for the Yacht Club





You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival XXXVI

On October 4 and 5 the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum will host one of the nation's largest gatherings of small boat enthusiasts and unique watercraft at Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival XXXVI. During the festival hundreds of amateur and professional boat builders and enthusiasts come from all over the region to display their sailing skiffs, rowing shells, kayaks, canoes, paddle boats, prams and one of a kind boats and share their knowledge and boating experiences.

On October 4 CBMM Shipyard staff and Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders School instructors will be on hand to offer boat building workshops and maritime demonstrations. Also beginning at 1pm on Saturday will be a lively Miles River race of small craft, which can be viewed from CBMM's waterfront and docks. On October 5 festival goers are invited to bring nautical items to swap or sell at a traditional swap meet.

The Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival is free for CBMM members and children 5 and under, otherwise admission is good for two consecutive days and is \$15 for adults, \$12 for seniors and \$6 for children ages 6 to 17, with all CBMM exhibitions open throughout the event. Hours are 10am-5pm both days. For more information, visit cbmm.org/masfcf.



Bring Your Woodworking Projects to CBMM

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is inviting experienced and novice woodworkers to its Open Boatshop program on Thursdays, October 17, November 14 and December 12. The program runs from 5:30-8:30pm, with participation limited and advanced registration needed.

The program invites members of the public to CBMM's Shipyard to work on a small woodworking project of their own or to bring ideas and seek advice on a future project. Participants will gain the advice and guidance of an experienced shipwright and woodworker along with assistance with CBMM's machinery and tools, plans, mea-

surements and the execution of their small scale project. Projects can include plans for a small gift, frames, furniture, models, artwork and more.

CBMM's Open Boatshop program is \$35 per session with a 20% discount for CBMM members. Participants must be 16 or older, unless accompanied by an adult, with registration at cbmm.org/shipyardprograms.



Adventures & Experiences...

Growing Old

You know you're getting old when you go out to race in a 420 sailboat and you're the crew and your granddaughter is the skipper. It was the final night of the youth sailing twilight races and parents (and grandparents) were invited to sail with their children (and grandchildren).

My 13-year-old granddaughter Emily showed me the ins and outs of how to rig the 420 sailboat. Even an old salt like me can learn some new things. It was a beautiful night for sailing, with plenty of sunshine and brisk east wind only made better sailing for the first time with Captain Emily.

Richard Honan, Winthrop, MA



Projects...

We Have a New Chapter Project!

Due to the generosity of Mike Parr, the Norumbega Chapter is now the proud owner of Old Town Canoe #18930-16, a 16' Charles River model made in 1911. Our Chapter will restore this canoe and have it ready for auction at the 2020 Assembly at Paul Smith's College next July.

This Old Town was built in "AA" Grade which was the top of the line way back then. It has all mahogany gunwales, decks, thwarts and seat frames, a really classy canoe. The good news is that it has all that mahogany, the bad news is that the inner and outer gunwales, along with both decks, will need replacing, nothing the Norumbega crew can't handle.

The suggested plan was to start the project off by analyzing the project and disassembling outwales, thwarts and seats, etc here at the canoe shop in Groveland. From there we will work up a schedule of dates and tasks to be done as the fall and winter arrive.

Steve Lapey, (978) 374-1104, stevenscanoe@gmail.com



I spent a weekend in July at the Mystic Seaport Rendezvous where runabouts, motor yachts and sailing craft have gathered for 40 years. It's a great event but, like so many, every year fewer participants show up. As a result the excitement has dimmed. Over the past few years the lobster dinner was replaced with a good buffet and then two years ago the dinner was cancelled altogether because of the lack of subscription. Boating events don't need to be judged by the food they serve but a nice day on the water topped off with a good meal is hard to beat.

As I looked out over the Seaport at the 19th century buildings and our 20th century boats, a couple of huge white megayachts docked on the bulkheads really stood out, gleaming stacks of decks with masts sporting four or six radar does. What were they doing there? Clearly they weren't part of the show.

As always, it's completely about the money at every level. The Seaport needs money and an empty dock in mid summer is a loss which will never be recovered. Docking in New England is docking in New England and the value is set. Boats registered all over the Caribbean and other low tax havens show up.

For people with empty waterfront space to accommodate them it's a small opportunity to get in on where the real money is in boating today. Half the time I don't recognize the flags flying at their sterns so I have to get close enough to read the homeport. There are so many of them!

Megayacht registrations are well beyond my area of expertise so maybe I shouldn't even be writing about them, but I will bet that there are a number of maritime lawyers in Miami and Fort Lauderdale who know the home porting game chapter and verse. On the docks I've seen megayachts from Jamaica, the Cayman Islands and various points east. There's always a best deal to be had and I doubt if it makes much difference in where the yacht cruises or how she is run.

Large yachts have been around a long time. In the Gilded Age railroad barons and financial magnates seemed to need them but one difference was that they provided basic transportation, admittedly on a grand scale, but transportation nevertheless. In the 1930s New York City brokers and traders used their high speed commuter runabouts to get to work and back from Long Island. Today's megayachts seem more like pure status toys since the Gulfstream jet is now basic transportation.

What Flag Should You Fly?

By Boyd Mefferd

In the '60s we didn't begrudge Aristotle Onassis his luxurious small ship. We know what Maria Callas thought of it after he used it to court Jackie, but hanging out at sea seemed like what shipping magnates did. I'm thinking that he probably flew the Greek flag.

Today's megayachts seem more like a purely "in your face" gesture or maybe that's my resentment coming through. Maybe the owners' love being on the water and spend every minute they can relaxing on their "boats." Somehow I feel that type of owner is the exception and not the rule.

The most "in your face" megayacht I saw at Mystic was a giant motor yacht tied up at Mason's Island. She had a mast with a gaff like lifting boom set high up in the air and secured in place with a backstay. I didn't notice her flag of origin but high up on that stay she was flying a huge purple flag with "TRUMP" in bold white letters that could be read from miles away.

I always thought it was tacky to bring one's politics out on the water. My dad was a staunch Democrat but he had many sailing buddies who were avid Republicans and they respected each other for everything they had in common. Even in the most intense election seasons nothing political was ever said.

But the flag story that I most love takes me back to a trip Molly and I made several years ago to see old friends from California who had the use of an idyllic cottage perched on the rocks right on the waterfront in Southwest Harbor, Maine. The bedrooms were filled with their families so we stayed in town, but just to sleep. The first afternoon we got there the fog was so thick we couldn't see 100' out. The next day it started to lift a little, as if a curtain was being drawn aside, and we started to make out an astonishingly large sloop maybe 800' out, moored directly in front of the cottage. My friend said, "that's huge, maybe 85' or 90'."

"No," I said, "we're talking 140' or 150'." Later in the day it was clear enough for us to get in the cottage's outboard and

snoop around. I estimated the deck stanchions were about 10' apart and there were 15, so 14x10 plus a little at the end added up. She was painted dark blue and flew a giant American flag at her stern.



The local grocery store was the place to get the latest gossip and information and everyone wanted to tell us that she was 145', built of aluminum in England for a man who had built up a chain of grocery stores in Houston and around Texas. He was a down to earth fellow who came in by himself to do his own shopping sometimes, although the boat probably had a couple of cooks in the crew. When the town was running short of money to fund the 4th of July fireworks, he picked up the tab.

The story about the flag was that he could have saved several million dollars registering in some foreign island country but he was an American, America had been very good to him and he wasn't flying any other flag. We left to go home before she ever left the mooring and went for a sail but what a sight she must have been.

Sadly, several years later I read an obit in the *New York Times*, not mentioning the boat but clearly about this person who had built a grocery business in Texas. Maybe the good megayacht owners all die young. In his case, he lived the way he wanted to live. I never heard what happened to his boat. Maybe one of you reading this knows?

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The Publisher Says...

In *Phoenix of the Seas*, Chester Brigham chronicles the three ocean, three centuries saga of the Gloucester schooner *Ernestina-Morrissey*, now the State Ship of Massachusetts. Written off as doomed again and again, this indomitable vessel has each time returned to glory in a new life, sailing to the Grand Banks from Gloucester for cod in the 1890s, two decades on scientific expeditions, serving under both the US Army and Navy in the Arctic during World War II, crossing the Atlantic a dozen times as a packet ship, linking Cape Verdean Americans in New England with family members on their home islands, back in America under sail, educating boatloads of school children on the wonders of the sea.

Brigham writes of the remarkable men and women who have commanded the vessel, first when she was the *Effie M. Morrissey*, then the *Ernestina* and finally the *Ernestina-Morrissey*. They were Gloucester fishing captains Bill and Clayton Morrissey, Arctic navigator Bob Bartlett, Henrique Mendes on Cape Verde and round the world sailor Dan Moreland.

Over the years the vessel has touched the lives of dory trawling fishermen on the Grand Banks, scientists forsaking laboratory comforts to do field work in the tundra, Inuit hunters, GIs at remote radio shacks, Atlantic islanders, volunteers who have sacrificed much for love of the ship.

The *Ernestina-Morrissey* had been laid up for a decade for lack of funding. But now it is official, this Phoenix ship will rise from the ashes once again! Thanks to a combination of state and private funding, the *Ernestina-Morrissey* is being completely restored, then berthed at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. And then will begin the story of her next incarnation.

Our Reviewer Says...

Reviewed by Pike Messenger

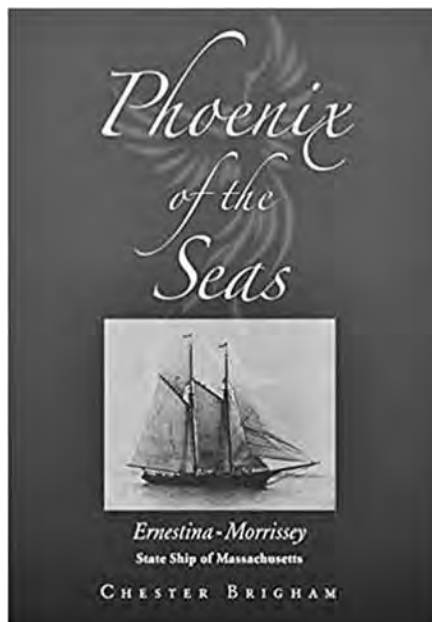
The schooner *Effie M. Morrissey*, now the *Ernestina Morrissey*, the "Tall Ship" of Massachusetts, was built in Essex, Massachusetts, and launched in February 1894. For the next 125 years she went on to sail 40,000 plus miles when not undergoing repairs and overhauls. She is again being done over, this time in Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brigham writes well about her many triumphs and tribulations in several roles.

This is a history of a truly remarkable ship, just read with interest by me as I now approach 90. Perhaps a review should not include much about the reviewer but I can't resist including some to establish the basis of my viewpoint. I was brought up on a farm in Salisbury, Massachusetts, near the mouth of the mighty Merrimack River where from the mid 1600s to the late 1800s over 3,000 ships were built on the banks of the river's tidal waters.

As a boy I delivered eggs to Rings Islander Robert Cheney, author of *Maritime History of the Merrimack & Shipbuilding*. My Amesbury High School English teacher, Roland H. Woodwell, descendant of highly respected Newburyport schooner builders, helped him with its writing. I later obtained a copy which I grew to treasure. In it Cheney describes how and where wooden ships were built on the lower Merrimack and lists the ships' names and launch dates.



Book Reviews



Phoenix of the Seas

By Chester Brigham

Hardcover: 318 pages

Publisher: Whale's Jaw Publishing

First Edition May 16, 2015

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ISBN-13: 978-0974077840

The thousands of ships listed by him were not boats. A boat as defined in my old Webster's is a vessel propelled by oars, paddles or the like. I like to think of a ship as a seagoing vessel. While I was in the Navy one definition I heard was that a ship could carry boats but not vice versa. However, ships are often called boats even by a ship builder like Howard Burnham of Essex fame. Submariners call their ships boats.

During my boyhood as a wooden skiff owner I knew that just a league upriver in Amesbury at Lowell's Boat shop they built dories and Amesbury skiffs. The two centuries old shop still does. Lowell's was a mecca for those of us in the Rings Island Rowing Club. We often rowed the club dories, built at Triton Regional High School by students, up there on flood tides. My grandfather told me that when he was a boy he could buy a dory for a dollar a foot. Pine planked dories were stacked on hundreds of fishing schooners as they were on the *Effie M. Morrissey* in her first 20 years before she became an exploration, research and cargo vessel.

After I, and no doubt thousands of other boys read *Captains Courageous* by Rudyard Kipling or watched the 1937 movie by that name starring Spencer Tracy, we wanted to

be fishermen like Manuel and his reformed dory mate the once spoiled boy Harvey. Alas, by 1933, when I was born, engines were being put in old schooners and new draggers, bottom sparing long lines of hooks played out from wooden tubs were being replaced by bottom harrowing otter trawls.

The sails still carried by local schooners today fishing for tourists and students, such as on the resurrected *Adventure* out of Gloucester, the *Ernestina-Morrissey*, being rebuilt yet again, and Burnham's relatively new beauties, the schooners *Lewis H. Story*, *Thomas B. Lanham*, *Fame* and *Ardelle*, built these last three decades on the Essex River, where once 15 yards built ships for the Gloucester fleet. If you haven't read Dana Story's crackerjack book, *Frame Up*, about Essex shipbuilding, by all means do so. Sails no longer power commercial working vessels off American shores, in my opinion this is a pity. We are slowly shifting over to clean wind for energy, why not clean wind to sail ships again? What's our hurry? And don't we need interesting jobs for young folks?

The preceding is largely about the salty area the publisher editor of *Messing About in Boats* and I grew up in. Just down the road from me while a boy in Salisbury was another attraction. Henry Woodard of Rings Island was a respected commercial fisherman who did day fishing trips pretty much all year. In addition to catching fish he bought lobsters from 65 lobstermen along the New England coast. His clam shucking shacks, boats, dock and fish market on the fast flowing Merrimack were strong attractions for us boys. (My apologies to the "me too" generation for not mentioning girls. They didn't hang around wharfs, our tidal swimming holes and boat shops much when I was young. I wish they had.) In 2015, 91-year-old Henry Woodard, Jr, finished a good book about fishing as a boy with his father and Rings Island crews entitled *Up River, Down River and Out to Sea*, which was reviewed in *Messing About in Boats* in 2015.

While reading maritime history over the years I was struck upon learning that even our rugged white oak framed ships didn't last long. Fresh rainwater and fungi, if not fought quickly, did them in. Heavy seas loosened them up. One account said the average British warship of wood was only good for about a dozen years. Our venerable *Constitution* is said to be now less than a couple of percent of its original wood.

The *Ernestina-Morrissey* has not much more. I mention this because the well built *Ernestina-Morrissey* has spent almost a quarter of her long life alongside piers or in yards undergoing or awaiting necessary repairs. While active she sailed as a successful fishing schooner out of Gloucester, an Arctic explorer and World War II cargo vessel in and out of the ice of the Arctic under world famous Captain Bob Bartlett, as a packet ship among the Cape Verde Islands and between southern New England ports and Cape Verde, and finally as a sail training vessel and floating school along the East Coast.

This list doesn't cover all of Brigham's lively chronology of the *Ernestina* and her impressive feats under several captains and diverse crews. In her productive sailing days she became increasingly admired and famous, especially under Captain Bartlett. Over the decades numerous groups formed when she was worn out to raise money to keep her going. Harold Burnham and others are now

getting her ready to educate people yet again and to remind us of our maritime heritage.

Other than for these personal reasons, I like Brigham's history because it includes detailed accounts of Bob Bartlett among icebergs and the Eskimos and later under different captains as an important part of trade in culturally diverse Cape Verde. Bartlett a great sailor, explorer and leader, who Brigham says didn't lose a crewman or crewwomen for 40 years in the most challenging of environments in his *Little Morrissey*, as he called her, was a colorful character as much known and respected in his times as adventurers Robert E. Peary, Charles Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart, contemporaries of his. He inspired scores of others who served

with him, perhaps hundreds, to go on to succeed in their varied careers.

I'll say no more. A couple of pages in a review just won't adequately summarize Brigham's valuable history of a noble, locally built ship with nine lives. Read Brigham's book and be ready to greet the *Ernestina-Morrissey* when she returns. She'll soon be back down from Boothbay inspiring new generations with her life's stories and beauty. Harold Burnham and many other active fans of wooden "boats" and sail have worked generously and hard to keep this important piece of Yankee and beyond history with us.

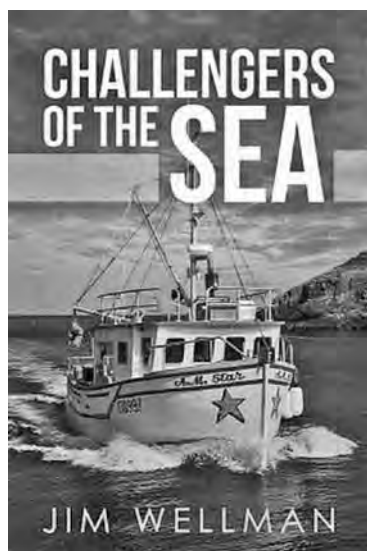
We once commercially fished on a more modest scale under the power of sails

that didn't pollute and gear that didn't plow up the bottom. Perhaps someday, someone trained aboard this Essex built schooner or upon just seeing her sail by, will have us doing so again. Will there also be another Kipling, a great admirer of Gloucester in her glory days, to write a novel entitled *Ships Courageous: Sensibility Again at Sea*. Imagine dory fishermen and women with cell phones, life jackets, modern clothing and high tech tub trawls. Too late for me but I'll bet lots of spunky kids would love it. How about a dozen dories so equipped on the *Ernestina* for trial runs? Maybe in time with such gear the cod would come back. My dreams, not Brigham's.

Challengers of the Sea

By Jim Wellman
Flanker Press Ltd, St John's
Newfoundland, Canada 2018

Reviewed by John Nystrom



Flanker Press is a Canadian publisher that specializes in the region of Newfoundland and Labrador, the culturally unique Atlantic Coast of Canada. This is Flanker's statement from their website:

"Flanker Press is a bright spark in the Newfoundland and Labrador publishing scene. As the province's most active publisher of trade books, the company now averages 20 new titles per year with a heavy emphasis on regional non fiction and historical fiction.

"The mission of Flanker Press is to provide a quality publishing service to the local and regional writing community and to actively promote its authors and their books in Canada and abroad."

Jim Wellman is a Newfoundland native, and long time, well respected print and broadcast journalist of the Canadian Atlantic marine and fishing industries. *Challengers of the Sea* is the latest of a series of Flanker Press books that tell the stories of mariners, fishermen, activists, Coast Guard members, families and others who work and live in that environment. There are tales of tragedy and loss at sea, but also life stories of those who have lived and worked in a variety of professions related to the sea.

Anyone who follows environmental issues and sustainability concerns of the fishing industry will find a great deal to think

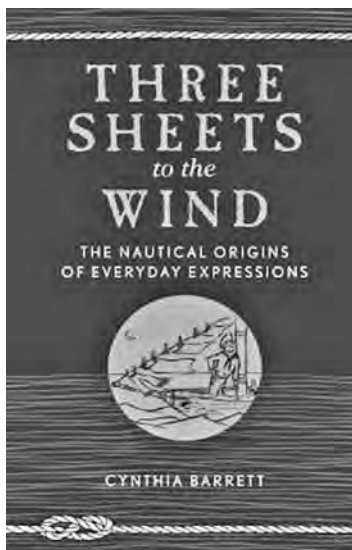
about, with not just the experiences, observations and opinions of fishermen, but also a Fisheries Officer, a pilot who monitors both the fishing fleet and whale migrations, Coast Guard mariners salvaging a petroleum barge and a woman who turned a household maid service into cleaning fishing boats.

The style and ethic of the author is something that you don't often see anymore in contemporary journalism, just clear and straightforward story telling of the best sort. Chapters are short, focus is one event or one person's story, so this isn't a cover to cover read in one sitting, you'll want to spread this one out. This is a good way to see the best and the worse the Canadian North Atlantic can bring.

Three Sheets to the Wind The Nautical Origins of Everyday Expressions

By Cynthia Barrett
Illustrations by Vail Barrett
Lyons Press, Lanham, MD, 2018

Reviewed by John Nystrom



I know, I know. This subject has been done before, and not just a few times. I've even reviewed some of those books for *MAIB* in the past. The usual dictionary of words and phrases with explanations for the non nautical of just where the word or phrase comes from or to what it refers. Many of us, maybe most of us, have one of those in our libraries, or have read one, or either had one gifted to us, or have given one away as a gift. Ho, hum, what makes this one worth the time?

To pirate the Introduction (pun intended), "The English language is chock-full of nautical expressions. The Earth is, after all, a water planet. Words and phrases coined by seamen trip off the tongue. A look at old maps shows the cross hatching of age old naval and trade routes. Textiles, spices, indigo and other sought after goods emerged for cargo holds. What also came ashore was the language of sailors.

"This inherited idiomatic nautical language is spoken so often in conversations that it goes unnoticed. Filibusters are an invention of pirates, not the US Senate, and the first skyscrapers were the tallest sails on a ship.

"*Three Sheets to the Wind* is an illustrated guide to your language so that the next time you call your friend a "loose cannon" you know it is you who is talking like a sailor."

Frankly, this one may just be worth the time. All of this genre are usually written by an avid sailor with either a sense of history or experience writing. In this case the writer is the requisite avid sailor and a book editor for another publisher. The author's editing skills show, with no long winded or confusing definitions, clean prose and, in some instances, a quote from some literature of a nautical nature to illustrate. Speaking of illustrations, the author's brother did pen and ink drawings (cartoons?) for many of the entries that add to the book rather than detract.

Each page has an entry, sometimes two. The presentation is moderately decorative with the pages bordered by a line with an overhand knot at the top and figure eight at the bottom of the page. I picked two entries for examples:

Rats from a Sinking Ship: Sailors believed that rats deserting the ship signaled impending disaster. Indeed, rats are quick to detect trouble since they hide in places that often first take on water, such as a ship's hold or bilge.

"A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it."

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*
Or:

Run a Tight Ship: Taut rigging maximized sail power. Commands to adjust and keep the rigging tight had to be quickly executed by the crew. The phrase has come to describe an organization that is closely and efficiently managed.

My estimation is that *Three Sheets to the Wind* is a good read and I'll be hanging on to this one for the grandkids to peruse when they get a little older. It makes a good gift for either boat fanatic or that person who enjoys the roots of our language.

Messing About in Boats, October 2019 – 7



Old Boat Designs and Wind Power High Tech Sailors

By Pike Messenger
Photos from Michael Hern's SRR2019 Gallery



As the last continental glacier melted the ocean water rose faster than the land rebounded due to loss of ice weight. The valleys between ridges and hills in Maine filled with seawater. High points stuck out. We call them islands. On a Maine map peninsulas and islands seem to drip south from Portland on Down East out into the Gulf of Maine. Thoughts of these formations flitted through my mind as I sailed with Captain Daniel Noyes on his 20' dory, I call *Centennial II*, the replica he built of Alfred Johnson's famous 1876 boat. Dan calls her *Udforsk Havaene* (oceans to explore) perhaps a better Danish name given him by a descendent of Johnson at the replica's launching in 2017. Johnson came here from Denmark to become a Gloucester fisherman.

For the last three summers Noyes has sailed his handsome red, white and blue copy in the annual Small Reach Regatta off Brooklyn Maine. I, an unfocused sailor, am happy to have been invited to help. This July we had expert help from participants who signed for the regatta without their own boats. Alex, a young twice around the world sailor, Gion, a banker from France who races off the coast of Brittany and Jim, also a banker and Navy veteran from Larchmont, a suburb of New York City, had been sailing for decades in many different kinds of boats.

For me, often at tiller and mainsheet, much of my three days with them and Dan was a wonderful course in the complexities of sailing. All were good teachers who spared

the rope ends we read were used on clipper ships to lash lessons into greenhorns. When I was caught up too much with the lovely scenery they'd whisper gently, "Fall off a bit," "Pinch up a mite," "Lobster buoy starboard," and so on through the day. I watched them closely and soon began to understand how much they were a part of the breezes, sails, rudder, waves and topography.

By the end of three days, after three summers of three days, I was beginning to catch on. I, an octogenarian, have been around salt water on boats and ships since I was ten. However, my respect for boats and sailors has increased greatly since sailing with Dan, a builder of boats and sailor for over three decades. He understands sailing on another level even greater than that of his talented guests at the gathering of 70 small boats of a dozen kinds.

What a wondrous place for a regatta! Samuel de Champlain explored the coast along here four centuries ago, Verrazano before him. They must have marveled at Acadia's Mountains, Blue Hill and Camden Hills. Basque, Spanish, French and English fished here in the century before Champlain. They, too, sailed in small vessels. The Abenakis and Micmacs preceded them in canoes close ashore in warm months. The Indian canoes were more the length of the *Centennial II* and her companions. The canoes, too, ran silently without motors. Upon seeing European sails some Indians are said by historians to have made small sails. At this year's regatta we caught one of the 70 vessels underway with an electric motor during a calm while rule abiding sailors were rowing or awaiting a breeze.

Later, while on a port tack in a stiff breeze, we lost a block securing the main halyard to the mast top. Captain Dan ordered me into the wind and then, pressure off, repaired the rig in less than ten minutes. Soon thereafter we set a course to avoid three



rocks dubbed “The Triangle” in Eggemoggin Reach. These rocks are just underwater at low tide. The helmsman of a fancy ketch, about 40’ long, under one sail running west, motor running, hadn’t read the chart. As he approached us her keel suddenly struck The Triangle and heaved a foot up out of the water and then settled in place, hard-a-rock, to await higher water. We never heard what happened. No help was asked of us and probably from no one else. Red faces aren’t all from sun and wind.

Johnson’s face was no doubt red from summer sun. He struck no reefs. He did capsize a couple times in his 66 days at sea but was able to right his dory. He wasn’t always alone. Ships approached and tried to save him, even in calm weather. Dan Noyes has no plans for a crossing anytime soon and the third centennial isn’t until 2076. There are no similar records to break, many have rowed and sailed across the Atlantic alone since Johnson did it to celebrate our country’s birthday, not himself.

For four days on the beautiful sea and while in a wooded Brooklin, Maine, campground nearby, at night no radios, televisions, newspapers and talk of the presidential campaigns were heard, seen or read by the captain or crew of *Udforst Havaene*. The fair weather breezes between Acadia and Penobscot Bay had us in their spell.

On the drive home towing his vessel Dan and I spoke of early fishing stations we’d read about on the Isles of Shoal when wooden shallops and boats perhaps like dories did the work. Such talk wandered to plans to build a dugout canoe from a large white pine in my yard. Boat builder Dan isn’t a purist when building replicas of historic small craft. He may approve my use of adz, axe and maybe even a chain saw along with burning coals instead of just clamshell and stone blade scrapers and fire. I hope he’ll help. You can see what a week with scores of small craft folks, some might say “boat nuts,” I don’t, will inspire. I wonder if the movers and shakers of the regatta will allow a dugout with a tiny sprit.





In the harbor of Halifax, a hundred sail or so of the American seining fleet, Gloucestermen mostly, had come flying in before a "smoky sou'wester." Supper finished and clothes bags overhauled, the men were disposed to go ashore and explore the slopes of the city, where, it was hoped, some relaxation might be found while the gale should be blowing by outside.

Fishermen in port have many methods of dispelling care, but this tale concerns only the fancies of a choice dozen or so, who, on this particular night, chose to gather in a retired backroom on a side street not far removed from the big government drydock. Here, in snug privacy, behind close drawn curtains, were recounted tales of other days and other ports, while, in a hearty, sociable, unhurried way, the flowing bowl went round.

These were master fishermen, skippers all, barring one, "Sylvie's passenger," so rated because he was aboard the *North Wind*, of which Sylvester Warren was master, solely for pleasure. The passenger's presence has but little to do with the story, and might not, indeed, have been mentioned at all, were it not that because of his extreme ignorance of certain fishing history, the storytellers of the evening at times went into detail which, for themselves, they would have ignored.

It was really in deference to the passenger that Wesley Marrs, masking his narrative beneath explanations to his fellow skippers, tried to set forth clearly, without going to too great a length, the peculiar ways of Billie Simms, whose temperament, it would seem, was known to the mariners present as though it were that of a brother.

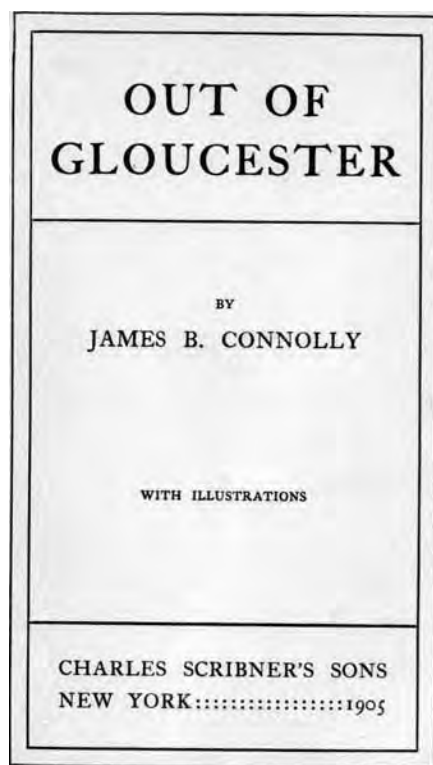
"It's your watch, Wesley," somebody had said and Wesley's speech, after he had rekindled his pipe, flowed from him quite as the good ale gurgles from the freshtapped keg, with little spurts and gushes at times, but smoothly enough, and with a head of speed that told of the great store behind. The gathering knew that now they had got him on deck, Wesley was good to hold the wheel till daylight.

"You're right about the Portugee, Sylvie, he could crack on with the best of 'em," the last tale had been of desperate sail carrying.

"You're right," went on Wesley, "he'd hang on 'bout's long as anybody, after he'd got educated up to it. To my way of thinking, the Portugee and the Irishman and Billie Simms and a few others'll get their happiness in the next world by being made skippers of vessels that can't be drew under, nor turned over, with spars that can't be busted, and sails that can't be stirred from the hoops.

"But Billie Simms was something more than just a driver. Billie had original ideas. Anything out the ord'nary run was what caught Billie. I mind one trip, he tried to see how much fish he could take home from Iceland. When he got ready to leave Rikievik, he had a load aboard, let me tell you. We didn't have to hoist the dories aboard at all, she was that deep, nary a tackle, just slid 'em over the rail. And he got very proud to get that halibut home though we'd have bet he wouldn't, if there'd been anybody to bet with.

"Then, there was the time up Iceland way, too, when he thought he'd like to remember some Gloucester and Boston friends and he takes aboard one of those Iceland donkeys and three blue foxes. And he talked blue foxes to us till ten more of us got blue foxes. He had a way of describing things till you felt as if there was nothing on earth so desirable as the



On the *Echo O' the Morn*

From *Out of Gloucester* (1905)

things he was talking about. So we set sail from Rikievik this time with the donkey and thirteen of those blue Iceland foxes.

"The donkey was all right. We made a little stall for him on deck, just aft the main hatch and all we had to do was feed him reg'lar and run him 'round the house every morning for exercise, with a painter to him, so if he rolled overboard we could haul him back. It was when the foxes got loose down the hold and set up such an awful barkin' that we couldn't sleep night or day, that our troubles began.

"Man, there was the job, to get them foxes in the hold. Chasin' polar bears on the ice, like Prentice was telling about awhile ago, ain't a mark to crawlin' after blue foxes in close quarters. They used to get between the top of the fish and the deck 'bout a foot and a half space, and we had to go and grab 'em. Bare hands? Of course. And when we'd begin to crowd 'em in a corner, their eyes'd shine, and give me the polar bears with axes, if the axes are sharp. But that ain't what I had in mind to tell, give me a match, somebody, I can never keep a pipe ago'in' when I get started talking. That's it, boy. I'll tell you 'bout a real lively trip with Billie Simms, where we did take a chance once."

Puff, puff, puff, went Wesley, smoking up, and then he laid his course afresh.

"Some of you, maybe, have got this story straight before, but some of you never got it first hand, maybe, and, anyway, your passenger, Silvie, might like to hear exactly how it did happen.

"It was right on this very Nova Scotia coast that we were seining the summer I'm talking about. It's Billie and the *Echo O' the Morn* I'm talking about now. Billie used to be a dog after mackerel those days. He'd get 'em, if there was any around to get. This was

the height of the time when so many American vessels were being seized by the English cutters for fishing inside the threemile limit. You know what hard feelings there used to be between the Canadians and our fellows about fishing inside the shoreline. American fishermen were being fined right and left, the Gover'ment at Washington was doing little but make talk, and at home, in Gloucester, everybody was boiling over about it.

"The Clayton brothers owned the *Echo*. They're out of business now, but some of you had dealings with 'em maybe. One was strong on religion, had Bibles fore and aft on every one of his vessels, and the other was a hot sport, and on account of their difference of opinion, they used to split on the names of the vessels. That's how there came the *Mutineer*, then the *Peace on Earth!*, then the *Buccaneer*, and the *Three Shepherds*. The *Avenger* and the *Good Will to Men* was launched the same week, and the *Roisterer* was chased off the stocks by the *Echo O' the Morn*. I mind well the launchin' of 'em both.

"But if they split on the names, they had identical ideas 'bout skippers and crews. 'Read the Bible, men,' the old fellow would say, 'and abide by what you find therein.' We all found some pretty husky fighting men in that same Bible. The other brother's instructions to skippers was mostly, 'Bring home the fish.'

"Billie Simms had been offered a big percentage to take the *Echo*, and he shipped as fine and able a crew as ever I sailed with. The *Echo* was a handsome vessel, just off the stocks then, and I mind the curiosity of the Gover'ment sailing cutters down this way to try tacks with her. We went along for quite a while without getting more than our share of official calls from the cutters, they were slow in the stays, most of 'em. We used to keep track of the cutters, read the battles in the old man's Bibles reg'la, and keep a sharp watch for fish aloft.

"As, the *Echo's* hull was beginning to get known along the coast, they begins to crowd us pretty close. And one day they ketch'd us at what they said was inside the threemile limit, where, of course, we had no business to be, if it was inside. I'm in doubt to this day whether we were inside the line or not, and I wouldn't hold back the truth of it now, but anyway they said we was. They always gave themselves the benefit of any doubts, these lads, when they were dealing with American fishermen. There was two of 'em and one a steam cutter. It was no disgrace, p'raps, it being a flat calm and they mounting six guns apiece, but they had the laugh on us, the two cutters, and they walked us into Barnsley between them, the sailing lad to wind'ard, where Billie said she'd never got by rights, and the steam fellow to looard. Into the harbor of Barnsley they walked us, with two hundred barrels of mackerel in our hold.

"They made the *Echo* fast to the dock, stripped the sails off her the first thing and put them in a sail loft nearby. Then they asked Billie to step up to the custom house, where they asked him a lot of questions, which he didn't answer gen'rally, and when he did, they didn't put them down, Billie being a bit hot.

"The crew was all turned loose, of course. It was the vessels they wanted, they used to say. They'd set a fine, they said, and they'd have no trouble getting it, for if the owners didn't settle, they'd sell the *Echo* at public auction and get it that way. There was a Gloucester vessel caught two weeks ahead of us and fined \$3,000.

"Things looked bad for the *Echo*. Billie telegraphed to the owners how it happened. It was there when he wrote the message.

"Don't do anything till you hear further from me. Maybe we can settle to better advantage at this end," was the winding up of it. "Everybody in the place here will know what the message said inside of an hour," Billie said, coming out of the telegraph office. And they did. They were laughing at us to our face and asking what soft kind of a settlement we expected to make with the Provincial Government.

"Next day Billie just laid around and waited in the morning. In the afternoon he took a couple of us and a small boat and we sailed out to where the two cutters were anchored, three or four cable lengths offshore. Billie had a talk with the Captain of the steam cutter, which was just opposite the sailing lad, p'raps seventy or eighty fathom between them, and they were taking up the harbor pretty well there, where the harbor made a kind of a neck.

"I tell you, Captain," says Billie, looking across the way, "a vessel that tried to sail out of here unbeknownst would get the devil, wouldn't she, having to go between you two?"

"That's what she would," said the Captain. My, but he laughed just to think of it.

"It would be a good harbor, this one," says Billie again, taking a look around, "if 'twas only a mite wider up here.

"Well, it's wide enough below," says the Captain. "Deep water clear up to the shore. A blind man could pilot a vessel in and out here. He'd only have to keep her off the rocks." "Then he takes Billie down below and tells him all about the steam gear. 'Ready to move at half a minute's notice,' he says, when he comes up on deck again. 'You can't expect to get ahead of one of these machines with a sailing vessel,' he says, 'not when her machinery is in working order.'

"I see," says Billie, "not when the steam gear's clear."

"Then we gets into the small boat again and sails around to have a look at the harbor, which was just about as they said it was, deep water to the shore. The last thing Billie said when he stepped out of the small boat was, 'This time t'morrow morning the tide'll be just like it is now. It was past three o'clock then, and the tide a fair ebb.

"That night about ten o'clock it was pretty quiet in Barnsley. We warn't very much surprised when Billie passed the word, in a quiet way, to slip the boarding house we were staying at, and meet him outside. Billie soon told us what the game was, and we started right away. Four of us dropped down to the sail loft, caught the watchman, gagged him, and tied him up.

"He wouldn't tell us where the key was and we broke in the door. We found the *Echo*'s sails done up in packages, sealed up fine with red wax all official. We rolled the watchman up in some old sail, so he wouldn't catch cold through the night, and then we hustled our packages down to the dock. We met a lad on the way who wanted to know what we was at. We tied him up and took him along.

"We found Billie had everything ready at the dock, with the vessel's two custom-house watchmen and the dock watchman all tied up nice and laid near the dock shed. We set our man in alongside, and they laid there like a row of Egyptian mummies, not a sound out of them they being all gagged.

"We set to work. First, we spoilt them fine red wax seals with an axe, then started to bend on the sails. And let me tell you we druv things. Six of the crew stayed up to the street end of the dock to take care of any curious people that might happen to start to stroll down to take a look at the *Echo*. There was three of that kind, dark as it was. The three of them was captured: two of them policemen. Fitting on the sails we couldn't find any main tops'l in the bunch. We must have left it behind, but we couldn't stop to go back after it to the sail loft. We were driving, you see, trying to get ready in time for the ebb tide, and out the harbor before daylight. We was all strung up, of course, thinking of what we had ahead of us. We were pretty near done with the sails, only the head sails left to fit on, when somebody said, 'Skipper, what about the steam cutter? Think we'll get by her?'

"Billie studied awhile. 'I've been thinking of her, and I guess we'd better tend to her now. Wesley, you, Hiram and Mike Feeney come with me. The rest of you'll have time to fit those jibs while we're gone.' We first gets out about twenty fathom of small chain, and a small anchor out of the hold, puts them into the dory, the dory and seine boat was a'stern the *Echo*, and paddles over toward the steam cutter. Well, now you c'n believe we did some gentle rowin' toward that cutter' oars tied up in old rags, and the chain, wrapped in blankets out of the bunks below, for the first three or four fathom.

"Billie himself goes overboard when we were under the stern of the cutter. We paid the chain out to him, handing it out, link by link, as if we were handing out men's lives. Billie was a dog in the water. He drops under and toggles the cutter's screws with the chain, takes two or three turns around each blade. Man, but he did a careful job. When he gets back in the dory again a water rat wouldn't ha' made so little noise, we paid out the chain, careful oh, careful and paddles away. When we got the chain's length out, we lowered the little anchor to the bottom, easy as could be, with a small line. Then we worked back to the *Echo*, where they had everything ready to leave.

"We warped her out of the dock, oh, first, Harvey goes up and covers up our row of prisoners under the shed, gives 'em a drink all 'round, and left 'em. They were found there in the morning, I s'pose.

"So we warped her clear of the dock, the sails had been hoisted afore we stirred at all, and you may be sure we had the masts and hoops pretty well slushed. We bore down on the two cutters. By their lights we knew they were laying broadside to each other, up and down stream just as they laid that afternoon. We knew we couldn't get outside either one, so Billie pointed the *Echo* up to go between. The wind was all right, not enough for fine work but enough for the trick and Billie calculated the tide 'bout right, it was with us.

"We bore down. Of course, we was praying to get by without being seen. But it wasn't quite dark enough for that. Our sails must've showed, for we hadn't got between them at all, when there came a hail from the steam cutter, to port she was, 'What vessel's that?' We stood on a little longer, and she hailed again, and the sailin' cutter to starboard, she hailed too, and they both hailed as if they meant business. 'What vessel's that?'

"Billie standin' by the wheel, sings out, 'We'er the *Echo O' the Morn*, seiner, of Gloucester. Report me, will you, tomorrow?

The harbor master was off duty, and the Custom house was closed when we left."

"When he got that out we could hear the greatest racket on both cutters. They began to sing out, port and starboard both, 'Put about or we'll fire,' says one. 'Go back or we'll sink you,' hollers the other.

"Fire and sink hell," says Billie. 'You'll only sink yourselves firin' across at each other.' And that was right, though I swear I don't think another man aboard would've thought of that but Billie.

"That must've set them thinkin', for they shut up for a few seconds. Then we heard the orders to make sail aboard one and the bells from the bridge on the other. 'The sailin' lad won't bother us,' says Billie. 'She's a square-reended old tub, and till they get that collar and necktie off the propeller I don't think the steam boy'll do much either.' There certainly must've been some riotin' in the hold of that steam cutter. We heard the orders to slip the cable and the bells her Captain rung from the pilot house. There was an awful flurry astern of her, and then such howls from above and below from the bridge and the steam department. 'I callate,' says Billie, 'our little toggle chain and anchor's gone into action.' We were sliding by all the time.

"They let go a couple from their bow, but we was bowlin' along then, all of us lying flat on deck, all but Billie. He stood to the wheel, back to 'em, contemptuous like. 'They're firin' wide,' he says, and out the harbor he drives her.

"We were barely outside when a big steamer lit up like a barroom passed outside of us and swung in for Barnsley.

"What do you make of that?" we asks Billie.

"A cruiser from Halifax, sure's fate, come to take the *Echo* in charge. I guess we'd better take to more private courses before daylight comes along."

"We put inside the islands along the coast soon's it got so's we could see at all. It was takin' chances going inside and driving her like we were, but we had to. If we stayed outside the cruiser'd get us on her way back. We kept two men to the masthead all that day, pickin' out channels and passages ahead. There was times when we didn't know whether she'd go another mile or another length ahead, but, as Billie said, 'We got to. Pile her up along here and there's a fighting chance for the owners to get insurance money, while if we go outside, it's all up, and the owners don't get so much as a dollar out of the hull or a single barrel of them mackerel in the hold. If they intended to fine us a couple of thousand dollars afore, they'll fine her all she's worth after this, not to speak of the partic'lar jail we'd fetch up in.' So we druv her along inside the coast islands.

"In the middle of the afternoon the look-outs to the masthead reported smoke to the east'ard and coming down the coast. We were well on toward Halifax, then, along Egg Island way, twenty odd miles east of here and Billie says, 'Might just as well lay her up here for a while. So he picked out a cut behind a high island and we slid in there. Some of us went and made a landing in the seine boat and climbed up the bluff of the island. It was our cruiser of the night before sure enough, and she was everlastin'ly poundin' along. We laid low among the broken rocks, and when she went by we could make out her tops full of lookouts. By and by comes two cutters steaming along. One of them was our Barnsley cutter, the chain and anchor

lad. They went on by, with more racket than so many fire engines ashore and Billie said they must've had their safety valves strapped down the way they were steaming.

"There'll be a rondevoo of Her Majesty's forces down Massachusetts Bay this time tomorrow," says Billie, "and all the honor of the *Echo O' the Morn*. But we'll beat 'em yet, we'll beat 'em yet. Can't you see the *Echo*, boys, running the blockade? We'll run for LeHave Bank tonight, boys, and we'll beat 'em yet."

"When dark came, we put to the s'uth'ard and all night long we drove her, everlastin'ly drivin' her till sun up, when the log showed a hundred miles since sunset, and we were in among the haddockin' fleet off Le Have. We hunted around for one of the firm's vessels till we found the *Buccaneer*. Crump Taylor was skipper of her then. You all know Crump, of course, so I don't need to tell you the kind of a man he was. Crump hadn't been thinking of going home just then, but he takes all in and comes along when Billie tells him the story. The *Quickstep*, John McLeod, Soudan you know, was all filled up and ready to leave. He said he'd like mighty well to wait and run home along with the two of us, when Billie told him how things stood. 'Might be of use, you can't tell, and we're most out of grub anyway,' says Soudan.

"Well, we first fits the *Buccaneer*'s main tops'l onto the *Echo*, then swaps the *Echo*'s seine boat for the *Buccaneer*'s dories, piles the nest of 'em in our waist, making us look like any other had docker, and the three of us wings it out to the west'ard afore as sweet and fair a breeze as ever fanned a vessel off Le Have.

"That was long 'bout dusk. Night sailin' gen'rally is best in cases like that. The next afternoon we was in sight of Massachusetts Bay, Boston, I might say, when we notices the smoke of a steamer to south'ard coming our way. The *Buccaneer* right away, that was Crump, he begins to drag behind, and points off no'therly a little as if she had a mind for a harbor on the Maine coast. And he hauls his seine boat, the *Echo*'s seineboat alongside, snug up, as if he wanted to hide it.

"Of course, they warn't letting any manoeuvre of that kind get by them on the cruiser, and they makes off after Crump. The *Buccaneer* and the *Echo*, mind, was as like as two number one mackerel. The only difference that day was the *Buccaneer* carried no main tops'l, which, as I said, had been put onto the *Echo*.

"The cruiser comes along and lets go a blank at Crump. He keeps right on. Then in a little while comes another blank, which Crump didn't pay much attention to. Then comes a solid shot, close enough, it looked to us. Crump seemed a bit slow yet, and they sent another solid shot plump through her fores'l, this one. I guess that was close enough for Crump, and he jams the *Buccaneer* into the wind and waits. Crump told us all about the rest of it afterward, for we, of course, was making long legs of it to west'ard.

"You'd laugh if you could hear Crump tell about how the cruiser's gig comes roundin' by his stern, where Crump'd hung a piece of old sail, as if he wanted to hide the name, by the way. They rows alongside. A petty officer, a petty officer, mind, as if that was good enough for a fisherman, he steps aboard by way of the seine boat, which had her name, *Echo O' the Morn* on her as plain's

could be. This fellow smiles, reads the name, and steps over the *Buccaneer*'s rail, looks up aloft, and says, for a starter: 'There's a tops'l up in a Barnsley sail loft that would come mighty nigh to fitting that main top m'st of yours.'

"He says that and smiles at Crump. You c'n imagine Crump leanin' agin the main riggin' in that easy way of his, and looking up to the masthead, and sayin', 'It do look kind of bare, don't it.'

"Yes says the navy boy, 'and I s'pose you wish to know what we want?'

"I can't say's I do," says Crump.

"P'raps you would like to hear?'

"Oh, I dunno's I'll have any melancholy night watches if I don't hear," says Crump, 'but if it'll ease you any, why, drive her.'

"Well, the cruiser lad goes on with a long mess of stuff about the American schooner, the *Echo O' the Morn*, seized by Her Majesty's cutters, the *Calenso* and the *Seal*, for violation of the International Fishing Laws Treaty, and stolen from the custody of the Dominion Government's officers on the night of August the twenty seventh, at Barnsley, Nova Scotia, and, further, there was charges of several assaults and batteries, not only to official persons, but to private per sons, and so on. It took him nigh fifteen minutes to tell it all.

"God save the Queen," says Crump, and spits over the rail, you know Crump's way. 'That's all official, I s'pose.'

"Yes, sir, and be careful." The navy lad was pretty hot.

"Yes?" says Crump.

"Yes," fires back the navy lad.

"Well, you said it pretty nice, but what's it got to do with me?'

"What's it got... do you deny that you are the American fishing schooner, the *Echo O' the Morn*?"

"We're cert'nly a fisherman," answers Crump, 'there's our gurry kids on deck under your nose, and a hundred thousand of fresh fish in the hold, if you want more proof, and we're cert'nly Ameri can, there's our flag to the peak for that, but it's most interestin' news to me that we're the *Echo O' the Morn*, though I'll admit we do look something like her, the two of them havin' been built off the same moulds and rigged to the same plans.'

"The Englishman only grins and looks over the side and points to the name on the seine boat.

"Ho, ho," laughs Crump, as if he'd just caught on, 'ho, ho.' The Englishman smiles and Crump goes on. 'You're the boys for cuteness, you navy lads. But gen'rally down our way, when we want to get at a vessel's name, we look at what it says astern of her or on the trail board under her bow for'ard; and, mind you, the canvas was hanging over the stern and the letters for'ard so chafed that you couldn't have read 'em 20' away.'

"The Englishman smiles his everlastin' smile and sings out to his boat's crew to drop astern and look at the name. 'We have to be certain,' he says.

"One of the men in the boat lifts the canvas and peeks underneath.

"What name?" sings out the petty officer, all ready to smile at Crump.

"Buccaneer, of Gloucester."

"What?" he screeches. He runs aft, pulls the canvas clear, leans way over and looks for himself. Then he runs for'ard, bends over the knighthead, and spells it out there. Back he comes, not quite so spry. 'I've heard of such

things as painting over names. Don't carry this thing too far,' he bellows at Crump.

"Yes," says Crump, 'it do look like fresh paint, don't it?'

"That will do," roars the Englishman. Where are your papers?'

"Crump makes a great bluff to study some more. Fin'ly he says, turning to the crew: 'Boys let you all bear witness to this thing, for a claim for damages 'll come out of it sure's I'm skipper of this vessel and my name's Henry Taylor. This man, bear witness to all I say, boys, this man is acting outside of his rights now, but it must never be said that Gloucester fishermen don't abide by the law.' And he goes on for ten minutes or so in a patriotic way till the Englishman wouldn't stand for any more of it. After that Crump uses up about twenty minutes finding his papers below. Of course the papers were all right. When the Englishman, after looking them all over, had handed them back, and as they were going up on deck again, Crump says, 'Of course I might've shifted those papers, too, or made 'em myself or something like that. If you like you can step down to the fo'c's'le and see whether all the tin pans and cook's dishes is properly marked, or...'

"You could have exchanged outfits just the same. You could have met this vessel..." My, but he was hoppin' 'round, accordin' to Crump, and you oughter heard Crump tell it.

"Yes," goes on Crump, 'maybe, and swapped suits of sails, too. In the leach of that fores'l that's handy to you there maybe you c'n make out where the word *Buccaneer* is stencilled on, not that I ain't saying it wouldn't be possible to swap sails, too, I've heard of such things as fit ting on sails in a hurry, I've...'

"That will do. Where'd you get that seine boat?'

"And of course," goes on Crump, payin' no attention, 'the *Echo O' the Morn*, being a mack erel catcher, would be likely to have gurry kids all over her deck, wouldn't she? and her hold full of fresh fish, too. Lift the main hatch there, boys, and show the gentleman.'

"Where did you get that seineboat?" yelled the navy boy.

"On La Have," yells back Crump. 'Blowed aboard on La Have at the same time we lost our dories and our tops'l. An awful blow. In all my experience...'

"A blow on La Have? See here, there's been no blow off that way reported in Halifax lately.'

"Maybe not, maybe, but there's lots of things happens on La Have that ain't reported in Halifax.'

"The Englishman was fair boiling now, but at the same time he was beginning to come out of his dream. All of a sudden, Crump says, he puts his glasses onto the *Echo* and the *Quickstep* and then all at once he wakes up, jumps into the gig, and sings out, 'Pull away, pull.'

"Goodby," calls out Crump after him in his sociable way, 'and next time you happen to be in Barnsley you might send me that tops'l you think would fit us so well. Mark "Henry C. X

Taylor, Master, Schooner *Buccaneer*, Gloucester, Massachusetts, U.S.A" and I'll be sure to get it. Goodby, hollers Crump again, 'and I'll pay the freight,' but he says he didn't get any answer.

"Well, the cruiser was pretty near hull

down to us when she come 'round on her heel again, thanks to Crump, and it was getting pretty late in the afternoon. We could see by the way smoke was coming out of her that they were driving her. But the wind holding, we knew she couldn't get us short of two hours and that gave us time to do something, with the night coming on.

"The last thing we did on the Echo for the cruiser's part'lar benefit was to rig up our side lights on the blades of two long seiner's oars and lash 'em straight up in a dory. That raised them up about as high as side-lights ought to be, y'see. Then Billie tells us what he was going to do. The dory was lowered over the side and I dropped into her. He heaves a splitting knife after me, and says, 'You'll need that.' There was an everlastin' long painter, a fortyfathom line coiled in her bow. Billie hails Soudan and tells him what to do. Soudan throws the Quickstep up and waits for us. The Echo hauls across the Quickstep's bow and Billie casts me off as the Echo shoots by. I hove the long painter to the Quickstep and they takes it and drops me astern. The Echo goes winging off with nary a light up at all, and me in the dory, and the dory like any vessel with her lights up proper being towed along to beat the devil, in the wake of the Quickstep, and she hauling away for Minot's Light as if she was crazy to get to Boston.

"When the cruiser overhauled us, I could hear her screws long before she got to us, she ranges up to starboard and sings out for us to heave to. 'Both of you,' hollers the voice. I couldn't see her clear, except for her lights, but I could hear her plain enough, for she lets go a blank at the same time that makes me feel like curling up in the dory. 'Blessed Lord,' thinks I, 'if ever they send one of those sixinch fel lows aboard of this dory, where'll I be? I was praying that Soudan wouldn't try any of Crump's tricks and be too slow to come to.

"But Soudan throws her up pretty prompt and waits. Then I heard the cruiser's falls makin' ready to lower away a boat and it was my move. I outs with my splitting knife and cuts down the red light to get that out the way. That being to port, of course they couldn't see it, and I puts it out and heaves it overboard. Then I cuts away the starboard oar below, slashes the lashin's from the light, the green light, toward them, opens the slide, blows out the light and heaves that over, all this jumpin', mind you. Then I jumps over the bow, cuts the painter free behind me, and hits out for the Quickstep. Let me tell you I was drivin'.



"I hadn't got fair started, hauling myself along by the painter and under water most of the time, when I hears:

"Aboard the le'ward schooner, there! Put up your sidelights again, or we'll fire.' 'Of course I didn't say anything to that, but keeps on.

"They hollers again, gets no answer, and then, boom! Man, it nigh lifted me out of the water! And boom! another one. 'Blessed Lord,' thinks I, 'if one of them goes astray and gets me in the small of the back...' But all the time I was putting in big strokes for the Quick step, my hair fair curlin' up with thinking of one of those shells jibing to wind'ard and ketching me.

"Anyway, I got aboard. It was Soudan helped me over the stern of the Quickstep.

"Are you all right?" he says.

"All right,' says I, 'but I guess the dory's shook up some.'

"Yes,' he says. 'They've spoiled her carryin' capacity by this time, I guess. There's number eight, they'll be giving her a broad-side soon.' Boom! Boom! Boom! they went.

"Bout the time they must have figured out they'd blown the Echo out the water, they stopped. Then we could hear their boats rowin' our way and soon we made out one of them heading for us. There was a warrant officer in charge of the one coming to board us, the same lad that boarded the Buc caneer. We found out when we swapped stories with Crump afterward.

"I say,' this lad sings out, 'she didn't get away that time, did she?' And he steps over the rail.

"No,' says Soudan, like a man that'd lost a young wife. 'I guess you fixed her that time.'

"Pretty soon the second boat comes alongside. This one had a sureenough officer, a lieutenant, in charge. He was sorter worked up.

"Cap tain,' he says to Soudan, 'I'm sorry for those men. Here's all we found, an oar and some pieces of a dory, apparently, and some lines with hooks in a half barrel, trawls, you call them?'

"A tub of trawls, I guess,' says Soudan. 'Fetch a torch, boys.' He looks and goes on: 'Yes that's one of their tubs of trawls, sure enough.'

"We could find nothing else. Isn't it queer?" says the officer.

"The tides hereaway are queer,' says Soudan, X

without so much as a wink. 'We are now over a most peculiar place, on one edge of Middle X Bank, in Massachusetts Bay, and there's queerer spots here than was ever in the Bay of Fundy or on the Grand Banks.'

"Really?' says the officer.

"Yes,' says Soudan, for queer tides and eddies this is the spot. There's been some mysterious disappearances traced to here. But, let ting that go, this is a bad business, Lootenant, blowing up the Echo.'

"Yes, it certainly is bad, horrible. But they should not have put the lights out as they did. What were they thinking of, she directly under our guns!

"Yes,' says Soudan, 'Billie oughter had more respect for a real mano'war. Maybe he thought you was only a cutter in the dark?'

"Thought? Didn't he see us just before dark, when we boarded the other fellow, the Buccaneer?'

"Yes,' says Soudan, 'he did. He must

have. I saw you and he must have. But it's liable to lead to big things, to international complications, international complications,' he rolls it out like an election orator, 'it may ter minate in bloody war,' says Soudan.

"War?" says the officer, studying, 'war?'

"Or eyedemity,' says Soudan. You oughter seen Soudan swell out.

"Possibly, very likely, yes, yes, most like ly,' says the officer. Then he takes down Sou dan's full name, name of vessel, name of vessel's owner, gets all the figures he can about the Echo, Soudan raising the builder's price a few thou sand, gets Billie's name, and names of crew and all that. Then he puts off, goes back to the cruiser, the petty officer with him, and they steams off, her course about east by south, which would clear Cape Sable and put her on her way to Halifax, where I s'pose she got in next night with her bearings all hot and a great tale to tell.

"Next morning, when we came into Gloucester in the Quickstep, there was the Echo lying in the stream and her colors all set, the sassiest looking little vessel in the whole North Atlantic. The city was just getting warmed up to the thing when we arrived. The newspapers had been full of the seizure down East. England, they said, was trying to crowd us on the fishery laws and the United States was a little slow picking it up, and so the country was boiling over when they heard about the Echo's escape.

"It was speeches, mass meetings, and editorials, all hot, and lots X

of people got a chance to blow off steam. When the Echo was reported escaped, there warn't many ever really thought she'd get by the cutters and the cruiser that was known to be after her. Then there was the three days or so when they didn't know where she was. So all Gloucester came running down to the docks when the word was passed that she was home.

"The Echo's in, the Echo's in,' was ring-ing all over Gloucester like a fire alarm. The Quickstep and Buccaneer, coming in four or five hours afterward, had can nons fired for 'em as they sailed up the harbor, but that was only the overflow, it was the Echo's crew that got it. People came from everywhere to look at the Echo and shake hands with Billie and us. It was Captain William Simms and the darin' crew of the Echo O' the' Morn. Yes, sir.

"They wrote songs about it, half a dozen or more, and City Hall was lit up and bonfires in the streets, in the middle of Main Street, man. And there was parades with red and blue and green lights and all kinds of queer fireworks. One showed the Echo running through a fleet of meno'war, every blessed one of 'em blazing broadsides at her and she never losing a spar. For a few days lots of people didn't do a tap of work, just stood on the curbstones and talked about the Echo.

"Whenever one of us showed up there'd be a rush and we'd have to tell how it hap-pened all over again. We was given the free-dom of the city, which meant, as Hiram Whitaker said, that you could go into any barroom in Gloucester and order all the drinks you wanted and as many times as you wanted and not be allowed to pay for 'em. Hiram cert'nly got drunk that week.

"There was a purse made up and we got a hun dred and fifty dollars apiece out of that, besides a good share from the two hun-dred barrels in her hold which fetched patri-otic prices, everybody wantin' to get hold of

some of the Echo's mack erel. It beat reg'lar fishin' all out. Billie got a big solid silver punchbowl, and there was smaller bowls for the rest of us, and they gave me a mon strous big meers'h'm pipe, gold mounted, with my name in gold letters on the case. That was for standing by the lights in the dory, they said.

"And smoke it? Hmm, no more than I'm smoking this one now. I wonder how long it's been out. I'm bad as Billie Simms himself. He never could keep a pipe going when he got started talking. When he got goin', he'd forgot who made him, man, the imagination he had! But if somebody'll give me another match, and is there anything at all left in that bawl there, Sylvie?"

"Oh, there's a good round left yet, Wesley."

"Enough to sluice out the scuppers with, eh?"

"Just about. And the passenger here wants to know if you'll sing one of the Echo's songs, the one they sang at the big banquet. You got time. Just a second now, Wesley, boy. There! There's one swashing over the rail for you. Here you go, Prentice, here's for you, John Harkins, and pass that to the passenger. All you others reach over and get your own, and stand by while Wesley sings. Hold up a second yet, draw the curtains there and let in a little light, the sun's most up.

"Might's well open up the windows, hadn't we, and let some of this smoke blow away? It's as thick as any banker's fo'c's'le on the run home. Smells fine and sweet, that, don't it? It's the last of the sou'wester, there'll be mackerel schoolin' after this little blow, fellows. Maybe a full hold for some of us to day, if cutters don't get too fresh. I swear, but some day we ought to turn, three or four crews of us, and gaff one of them, hah? And tear 'round down the coast and chase everything that ain't American into harbor when mackerel is schooling, hah, Wesley?"

"Ho, but Billie Simms'd be the boy for that; Sylvie. Well, here's a shoot and devil take the cutters, no, no, they have that for their work, I s'pose. Here's to fish a plenty for all of you, and to the Echo O' the Morn."

"Drive her, Wesley, drive her," voiced Sylvie for the bunch, "and stand by all hands while Wesley sings."

So Wesley sang. His attitude was characteristic, left hand deep in his waistband pocket and right hand gripping his glass; one shoulder braced to wind'ard and feet well apart to meet the heave of the deck, evidently; eyes bent on the lookouts at the forem'st head and a voice pitched to reach that same forem'st head with certainty, against a fresh and rising head breeze, standing so as if he were to the wheel.

Wesley sang the ballad of the Echo O' the Morn. Twelve or fourteen good stanzas there were, the plain tale of the Echo all over, done into rhyme by a fo'c's'le poet, who must have held in high esteem the vessel and her crew and those very able auxiliaries, Crump, Taylor and Soudan McLeod:

"From the loft we took her sails and bent 'em in the night,

And sailed her out the harbor, with cutters left and right.

Sou'west by su'the we drove her till the sea was fair aroar,

And we never touched a halyard as to La Have we bore.

Lights out and southern courses, let her head come round,

Devil take the British forces, here's the Echo homeward bound.

Crump Taylor towed her seineboat, Soudan towed her lights,

And the Echo slipped the cruiser in the darkness of the night."

So Wesley sailed the Echo again, omitting not a single course of the lively vessel nor a single order of the audacious Billie, sailed her from the dock at Barnsley, out the harbor, down the coast, off to La Have Bank, westerly again, across the Bay of Fundy and into Massachusetts Bay, till at length he sailed her up the harbor of Gloucester and rounded her to off the owner's dock, very proudly, with colors gayly flying, to main peak and both trucks. Wesley's fellow skipper entered heartily into the chorus.

"Drive her, boys, drive her give her a full now and drive her," they said. And under Wesley's pilotage they drove her:

"Here's to the keel of her, here's to the sails of her,

The mast and the hemp and the deck and the rails of her;

Here's to the length, and the depth, and the beam of her,

To every blessed plank and bolt and every blessed seam of her.

Here's to the everlastin' glory of the Echo O' the Morn."

And...

"May she live to sail away, to the boom of Judgment day,

When we hope to see her sailin' to the toot of Gabr'el's horn."

With feet well braced and bodies swaying, the skippers roared the toast after a fashion that must have carried every syllable of every line to every awakening sleeper in the block.

They themselves liked the effect of it so well that they sang it over again, and it was to the long roll of one particularly sluggish line,

"To every blessed plank and bolt and every blessed seam of her" that they heaved themselves out and down the side street. From here, with the rhythmic tramp of mariners ashore, they wore into the main street, bore s'utherly, chanting all the while, though so berly and with less exuberation now, for the city was coming awake and beginning to stare. And by and by they jibed over to their dock, where boisterous crews in waiting were trolling farewell ditties of their own.

They piled into their seine boats, and with long oars and a monstrous big one steering they all drove out into the harbor. They raced past the big dry dock, past the revenue cutters, their hereditary enemies, now with steam up, past the Admiral's great battleship and her attendant cruisers, the best part of the British North Atlantic squadron, past all these and other miscellaneous craft, until, with the booming of the morning gun from the Citadel, they were among their own again.



Many paddlers zoom around Cape Ann, Massachusetts, every July in a frenzy as they compete in the famed Blackburn Challenge, a 22-mile open ocean race. They don't know what they are missing. Cape Ann's coves and rocky shoreline are worth lingering around for an afternoon or morning.

Cape Ann thrusts its gnarly head into the Atlantic with Gloucester as its anchor, and a canal bisects the cape at the western end making a circumnavigation possible, hence the brilliance of the Blackburn Challenge course.

Cape Ann has many good put-in points, but one of our favorites is Lane's Cove in Lanesville on the west side of Cape Ann, not far from the mouth of the Annisquam River. Whenever we get a hankering for Maine, we hop in our car and drive the half hour over the Annisquam Bridge to Lane's Cove. A granite shoreline and clear water are the rewards.

Our goal this July day is to paddle north up the shoreline into an incoming tide and south winds, turn around and paddle back with outgoing tide and wind predicted to gust up to 20 at our backs. Remarkably that plan works, as many know is not always the case.

A sleepy village with solid homes built by Scandinavian craftsmen, Lanesville was once a great fishing port, cod so plentiful they could row out into Ipswich Bay and bring back a boat load. Then Lanesville prospered in granite quarrying. Lane's Cove has a massive breakwater created so that townspeople could load granite onto the sloops. When the granite industry died in the 1930s, it left a lovely, quiet weather beaten village with granite stoops, colorful gardens, artists and their studios and a few small shops, blessedly impervious to McMansinitis and Dunkin' Donuts. The cove, meanwhile, still retains its working class status, protecting mostly lobster and fishing craft with a decided minority in pleasure boats.

We often paddle out of here in the off season and were surprised to see the number of families and kids frolicking off the dock and rocky beach with every kind of float toy imaginable. Still, the marine foundations are solid with a ramp that doesn't quite make the water at low tide, leaving a rocky, seaweed slippery surface to walk nimbly across to launch or land your kayak. We park next to two cars with surfski racks, their owners long gone.

We turn right out of the breakwater, a lobsterman kindly waits for me to exit, a sign that kayaks are now finally accepted, 30 years after arriving in these waters, on their way via Great Britain, Seattle and Maine.

The day is clear with a full view across Ipswich Bay to the white huddle of the Isles of Shoals, the New Hampshire coastline and

Cape Ann Interlude

By Tamsin Venn

Photos by Tamsin Venn and David Eden
Reprinted from *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker*

Mount Agamenticus in Maine. One new view takes getting used to, Hog Island in Essex Bay, now mostly shorn of trees and balding after its owners, the Trustees of Reservations, cleared the island of fallen trees following a severe storm.



David Eden paddles out past the massive breakwater at the entrance of Lanes Cove.

Along the way, rocky outcrops provide perches for cormorants to dry their wings. The water is remarkably clear and we will probably see the diving flags of scuba divers exploring the rich biomarine underwater landscape. Visibility here is excellent, up to 30' some divers say. Cormorants, Canadian geese and eider families keep us company.

We continue north, noting for the first time a huge swath of undeveloped land (see what you notice when you are not racing by). We enter Folly Cove, also known as Gallop's Folly, after John Gallop, a Boston harbor pilot who mistook the mouth of the cove for a larger, safer harbor and lost his vessel on



Although ospreys, bald eagles, seals, porpoises and even whales have been spotted near Cape Ann, we saw only cormorants, gulls and a flock of eiders.



At the entrance to Folly Cove. Rocks like those behind David surround the cove and are what caused poor John Gallop to lose his ship.

The shipwreck took place in 1635, which shows how long people's memories are around here.

Just beyond Folly Cove is Halibut Point, a major turning point for the Blackburn participants, site of a former granite quarry, and our turnaround. Halibut Point is remarkable for a huge headland formed entirely of quarry rubble thrusting into the sea. Hard to miss Halibut Point unless it's foggy.

We retrace our route, going south past Lane's Cove, Plum Cove (wonderful local pocket beach) and Hodgkins Cove, once the site of a loading dock for shipping Gloucester granite, now a site for the University of Massachusetts' program in sustainable fisheries and coastal resilience.

Next stop Annisquam Lighthouse. It has several pocket beaches where we can land on in high summer season without disturbing summer renters on the larger beach (OK, off season). Here is more history. In 1801 government officials built the lighthouse at Wigwam Point, a common meeting ground for local Indians, to serve as a marker for the entrance to the Annisquam River. In 1897 they replaced a second lighthouse with the white brick tower we see now. They added a foghorn in 1931 but soon decided to operate it only from October to May so summer residents could sleep at night. The Coast Guard completely renovated the lighthouse in 2000, replacing several thousands of old bricks, and it is now automated.

For more adventure we can paddle south past the hopping Annisquam Yacht Club and into tranquil Lobster Cove or across to Wing-aersheek Beach to loll around there.

After a bracing swim and tuna sandwiches we make the two mile journey back to Lane's Cove where kids are still leaping onto each other in the water and families are lighting up their barbecues. Ah, summer.

We stop to admire a couple of artists working in oils on top of the breakwater.

Tamsin paddles past the Annisquam Harbor Light Station on Wigwam Point, at the mouth of the Annisquam River.



Most of the breakwater is just tumbled granite quarry waste. These piles are very common along Cape Ann's coastline.



The “maestro” owns a gallery in Rockport and we could go down to that gallery and buy a piece of the amazing scenery we have just paddled through.

We quit late afternoon but had we stayed we would have been rewarded with a glorious sunset over Ipswich Bay.

Distance, seven miles. Tide, high at noon, 9.2'. Wind, south 5-10, gusting to 20 in the afternoon. Weather, sunny and clear. Experience, priceless.

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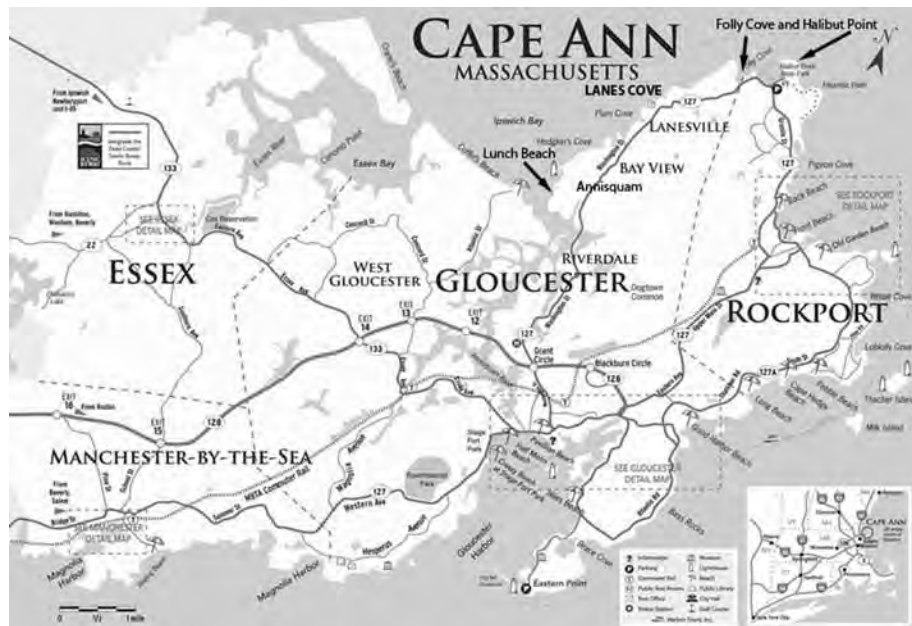
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Lunch beach, just south of the lighthouse. There are several tiny pocket beaches off to the right. The water in the cove was so shallow that it was a 30-yard drag to the water by the time we finished eating.



The trip north along the Cape Ann coast is a perfect sunset paddle in the right weather as the sun sets to the left.



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Day One

We may never pass this way again but we'll sure make the most of it while we are here. The 2019 Priest Lake Howl at the Moon Cruise is off to a lumpy but determined start. At least everybody who didn't cancel or forget or change their minds actually showed up, six boats, four with couples aboard! Two of our ladies have already fallen in, unplanned and fully dressed. Almost everybody has driven hundreds of miles. There's the normal list of mechanical problems and even serious medical stuff. But we're here and so far we're grateful for it. But it's getting dark and tomorrow is likely to be a long one.



Day Two

Six boats, 11 people counting Jamie the Seadog, and never a dull moment. Our first order of business was to run up to the north end of the lake and test *Mer Greta* for just how long her legs are. The Thorofare is getting durn shallow at the entrance and I really wanted to know if she would fit. A short hour's run north and the proof of the pudding. Well, she fit, just barely.



Then it was time for the balance of the fleet to head north but *Greta* had to go south. Light air, sails up, sails down, motors on, motors off. We started "across the bar" around lunch time. Of course, the prevailing summer southerly finally made up when we were in the Thorofare.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

Howl at the Moon Cruise

So things got a bit gnarly while auditioning various beaches and campsites along the eastern shore of Upper Priest. This is High Season and Prime Real Estate. The place fills up damn quickly on a hot day like today. We settled into not the one we wanted, but one with better shelter from the burgeoning swells gullumphing their way on uplake as the wind continued to build. Everybody is on two hooks, or one hook and a tree. Socializing and tending to personal errands requires everybody to wade from place to place. Water's warm, sorta. Sun's hot, fershur. Not such a bad way to travel.

Not a bad way to travel, indeed in God's Country.



Day Three

The calm before...it's just part of summer at Priest Lake. Been like this for the 60 plus years I've been coming here. From about lunchtime to about dinnertime it can, and does, blow up from the south. It's been an interesting day. It began at the north end of the north lake. We invested the entire day in a run south, the direction that prevailing summer southerly comes from.



Jamie the Seadog and I hit the beach about zero six. We two were the only ones up and about but before long our entire fleet was making preparations to get underway. We certainly don't manage to either leave, or arrive, with any great attention to sameness. We started out with the first three boats followed by one more and then another.

Today had more to do with what Aeolus had to offer from his southern department. First we had to make the return voyage out through the Thorofare, still early in the day, still pretty much deserted, a nice, uneventful transit. We meandered our way in our threes and twos and ones on back out of the Upper Lake and the Thorofare. Mostly our ragbagger contingent was interested in the first cat-spaws of the day. They spread their wings and scudded on toward the south. And before too long it was time for that first reef and then it was a second reef.



Things got gnarly. We got spread out, we tucked in where we could, we sat it out. Comparing notes from different hidey holes by VHF, we continued on south one by one. It was actually, pretty crummy "out there" until the entire clan regathered in what we have come to think of as "our" anchorage.



Day 4

Day four dawns slowly. Zero four, “pssstttt, hey you guys, psst, the wind’s comin’ up outa the north, hey you guys.”

Zero five, looks like a pretty interesting sunrise in the making if anybody, well, alright, we’ll just keep this one to ourselves.

Zero six, well.

Zero nine?

The main project today is supposed to be a restaurant meal for all hands. All we have to do is leave an anchorage and beach that has sorta become home for us, one that took some doing to get to yesterday. Anchors aweigh! In about an hour of motoring south and then off to the west, we discovered that all the guest slips were occupied by a whole gaggle of humungous wake boats.

We anchored off the high dollar cabin swimming beach. Some of us walked down the old seawall, the one that says “keep off.” Wonder why it says that? Well, anyhow, we all made it to the table except for Scott and Patti who decided they had to go back to work in Montana and Phil, who decided he really needed to go sailing more. The rest of us mustered at one of Elkins Resort’s alfresco dining tables. Then, after the ice cream course was served, we gathered up our left-over boxes and got underway for a, to me, special anchorage and beach. I decided that our last night out together should be at Scout Camp Cove.

I say special because my family started coming here over 60 years ago. We camped at the top of the hill, swam on this beach, water skied in the cove. And, other than the clutch of Rich Guy Houses just to the south, it’s just like I remember it. Seemed like something worth sharing. Yep, a special place I’m glad to share. Lots and lotsa footprints here.



Epilogue

The Boats, the Dogs, and the People

Magic Bus, a fiberglass SCAMP, while by far the smallest of our Howl fleet is, by far, the best equipped, the best cared for and likely the most expensive. *Magic Bus* is crewed by a couple of octogenarians who can put any 50-year-olds in their place. Bob and Jan are veteran dinghy racers and former big boat people who have made several of these trips to Priest Lake. Always a delight to have them along!



Mer Greta (Sea Pearl) is the result of three years’ work, so far, to convert a 24’ Bayliner sailboat hull to a (big) pocket trawler. Jim and Janel towed *MG* over from Montana, a significant effort.



Toquade II, an Aquarius 21, hails from Vancouver, Washington. She invited Art and Lifang along to do stuff like drive and cook and raise the sails. Most of us understand that the boat is really in charge, especially during expeditions like this one. *T-2* is a recent vet of the Salish 100, she did it twice, Olympia to Port Townsend to Olympia! Nice job, Art. And thanks so much for joining us this time.



Blue Montey, an essentially brand new Montgomery 15, has been to Priest Lake several times already this year. Phil and I have been doing a series of scouting trips over the late winter and early spring. Sometimes calm, sometimes pretty boisterous. Just like this time.



Dragon Fly took Scott and Patti the better part of seven years to build and she was worth it. This was that threesome’s first Priest Lake experience. We all hope they will come again!



And, bringing up the rear, like often when we are out on the water, is good ol’ *Walkabout*. She’s still only about half built, barely six months in commission and already over 500 water miles and 3,400 road miles have passed under her keel.



And so this party is over. Thanks for coming along with us!

Messing About in Boats, October 2019 – 19

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After the Howl

As our 2019 Howl at the Moon Cruise began to break up the NOAA weather began to taunt me with an almost blemish free forecast. Calm. Warm. Weekday. Jamie the Seadog gave me "that look," the one that says, "Do we REALLY gotta quit?" Well. Actually, no we don't.

Some of us sort of sat around on the beach while some of us got underway for their trailers. I poked Phil and said, "I've still got my liberty card through at least Monday." He just smiled,

"Me, too, where ya wanna go?"

"How about that cove you've been talking about?"

So that's how it happened and that's where we are.



We went exploring. There's a humongous pine tree. And a pit potty that looks a little like something I might have built. Phil sailed the whole way. It took him all day. Good wind just about the whole way from Scout Camp Cove to the west end of Bartoo Island.



After Phil got anchored we all piled aboard *Walkabout* and motored the mile and a half to Hill's Resort. The place was jumpin'. And we're back in time to watch the sunset from across the big part of the lake.

We're settled in. That big pine tree is guarding the beach, the one we have all to ourselves. We weren't quite ready to quit.



Elbow Room

Jamie the Seadog and I are anchored close in to a delightful cove, sandy beach margins, stately old trees, wide open fetches. Last night Phil and I anchored in this cozy little spot with the implicit understanding we could be in a bad way if the wind would come from the northwest. Well, about zero two *Walkabout* started sounding more and more like a bongo drum. That stiff, convex bow profile can make the smallest ripple sound more like a breaking wave. By about zero three we were rocking and rolling with a near beam sea out of the northwest.

I finally pried myself out of the rack and veered the whole bucket of stern anchor rode. Watching the depth sounder with one eye and the imprint of waves breaking on the spit now astern, we rotated around to face the building chop. Leaning on one elbow against the galley counter, peering out the side window at the vague silhouette of breaking waves and sand/rock off the quarter. And, for the bazzillionth time, I smacked my other elbow on that works like a champ butane camp stove I got over in Montana a couple of weeks back to replace the venerable swing stove that got pretty much destroyed in our boat burglary.

Just as soon as The Captain's Coffee was prepared and sent up to the bridge, I started moving stuff around in threedee. There just hadda be a way to get room for BOTH elbows to lean on that counter. Call it an operational necessity. Before you could say, "But whatabout the Captain's Breakfast?" we were taking stuff apart.

After cutting in a sliding/folding/removable addition to the counter top, if we loosen those bands holding the heat exchanger on the cabin heater stack that little stove should slide in between the stack and the silverware stowage bin. There oughta be adequate clearance for heat dissipation between the cook pot and that polycarbonate window. And, since we only have just an teenie weenie bit of masking tape left on the roll to hold it all together until we get home and make a better holder, this just might work."

And yaknow what? It's gonna work! Time to do some elbow leaning and a bit of pondering. There's the next voyage to plan.



A Solway Gale, remembered by Peter Reid

WE'D HAD AN OLD ship's boat for over five years, which we had converted into a small fishing boat of 24ft length, but her size and layout restricted her use considerably so we were on the lookout for a larger vessel. The 'We' consisted of my wife's uncle, Ernie Robinson, and myself, Peter Reid, and our search eventually took us to Workington.

Leaning against the harbour wall, as the tide was out, was a fishing boat, the *Kiaora*, and it was love at first sight, despite the fact that when we had a trial in her she was leaking like a sieve.

Built by Walter Reekie at St Monans on the East Coast of Fife in 1937, classed as 40ft but 43ft overall, 13ft wide with a draft of 4.5ft and weighing about 14 tons, she was showing her age.

We took her to Annan after a few months of fishing and she sat on the town quay for nearly a year, being re-built by Tom Willacy and his sons Tom and Malcolm. This consisted of re-nailing and caulking the hull and deck, fitting new keel bolts and renewing all timber above deck level. We also took the opportunity to replace the original Kelvin K3 engine with a new Ford, and following a repaint she was as good as new.

We kept her at Kippford on moorings in the Urr estuary, until a crisp, bright, clear and sunny winter's day, the 27th January, 1974. It was three years after the re-build, when due to bad weather we'd had no chance in the previous three weeks to run the engine. There was no wind and the sea was flat calm, although the BBC Shipping Forecast was predicting gales from the South West with rain and sleet to set in before midnight. We were only going out for at the most three to four hours over the high tide; we would be back long before then. As it was going to be a very short trip, one of the crew brought his nephew with him to experience a run in a fishing boat for the first time – it was to turn into an experience he



Not the *Kiaora*, but the lovely little canoe-sterned seine-netter *Favourite*, née *Margaret Anna*, also built by Walter Reekie, in 1947, and still seaworthy. 36ft long, 12ft 6ins beam, 5ft draft. Now cared for by the Northumberland Fishing Heritage Trust

would long remember. Also three young lads came with us for the run.

We dropped the moorings and headed down the estuary against the tide, which was flowing at quite a rate by this time, due to the fact we were on very high springs. Once past Rough Island it seemed too good a chance to miss so we decided to drop the net and get a few fish for the deep freezer and it would also help to fill the time.

We shot the trawl net past Almorner and headed south out into the Solway. When we had cleared Heston Island we turned to the West a little against the tide, which by this time was nearly high. After another hour we decided it

was time to head for home and started the winch to haul in the net, but before doing this we put the three lads into the wheelhouse to keep them out of the way of the winch wires with the load on them. The vessel's engine was set to slow speed ahead and the two otter boards, holding open the mouth of the net, came aboard and were tied off to a gantry either side of the boat's stern, just behind the wheelhouse, with the net now travelling at very slow speed behind.

The next thing was to release the wires from the boards and get the net up to the stern gantry, and this had just been completed when the boat suddenly shot in



Walter Reekie's *Bonita*, being launched in 1932

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association, UK

North Solway Firth c.1955, by AE Taylor



wind and sea got a lot rougher. The dory was just coming alongside when its steering wire parted and it shot off on a zig-zag course, out of control.

By cutting back on the throttle Tony Heslith, the only occupant, managed to come alongside and tie up, but it was obvious with the sea condition that he could not aid us in any way and that getting back to shore on his own was impossible with no steering. So Bill, one of our crew, joined him in the dory and steered it by controlling the engine with both hands but could use only very low power. They left us and we lost sight of them almost immediately in the waves and worried for their safety till we were notified by Kippford via Liverpool that they had got to safety.

It was now getting dark and the seas were building up because the tide was running out against the wind and with the heavy boat pitching it was only time before the anchor rope parted. We then decided it was time to issue a Mayday and call out the lifeboat, which was done by the Coastguard, and they came back to us after about an hour to say that Kirkcudbright Lifeboat, the nearest on station, could not be launched, as due to the spring tide there was not enough depth to cover their slip at low water, but they were sending the Workington boat. Unfortunately due to some slip-up this was not done for three to four hours and by this time the tide was turning and the weather had got worse with horizontal rain and sleet and the boat was pounding on the sand, but not taking any harm due to her strength.

Liverpool Coastguard radio came on to say that the boat coming to us was not the usual Workington one, as this was off station and away for annual overhaul. The reserve boat had no radar system, and this was long before satnav. Conditions were so rough on board the lifeboat they made navigation difficult so that they would be relying on us to show our position with flares. We were fortunate that although the wind and sea were blowing a lot harder, the rain and sleet were

gear full astern, over the net, for one of the boys had leaned out of the wheelhouse window and put his elbow on the gear lever, throwing it into reverse.

The propeller stopped, as it had picked up the bottom wire rope of the net and the boat started drifting with the tide, towards Hestan. We dropped anchor, a heavy plough type with 60ft. of chain and heavy nylon rope, and set about trying to clear the prop, but from the engine room we could not get it to turn and so we called up Liverpool Coastguard and told them the situation. They said they would call Kippford RNLi and see what they could do as their inshore rescue boat was not on station during the

winter months. Between times I thought that I would have a go to get the wire free as fortunately I had my diving suit on board. The tide was starting to run out with some speed by this time and I found that the water was so full of sediment that it was not possible to see the prop or net wire at a depth of three feet and when cutting the wire with a hacksaw at minute intervals, to allow for breath, the cuts were in a different place. The cold, even in a suit, was intense and after a short time I had to give up.

We were then told by Liverpool that Kippford were sending a boat out to us and about an hour later a large dory was seen approaching and at about the same time the



Peter Reid (2nd from left), Editor of the book *Salt in Their Blood, Mariners of the North Solway*, which he produced from vast records compiled by his friend and shipmate Ernie Robinson up to his death in 2009. Peter is handing over a £1,000 cheque from the first sales of the book to Kippford RNLI, to be shared between them and Workington RNLI

just coming over in brisk, heavy, showers, making the visibility fairly good at times, so that we could send up a parachute flare at about 20-minute intervals. We could not see the lifeboat at all until it was about a mile away, by which time we were reduced to lighting small hand flares. As she got nearer we became aware of the relative heights between the boats and saw how difficult it was going to be for the lifeboat coxswain to come alongside, and that there was no chance of safely getting a tow up the estuary.

The first approach of the lifeboat was from the direction of our stern into the run of the tide, wind and sea and because of the lights on both boats it was as bright as day. Even with the worries of the night there was a beauty in the colours and clarity of the scene, and events lasting seconds seemed to last ages; no doubt this accounts for the fact that I can recall the picture after all these years as though it was

yesterday. The lifeboat started to come in close but a big sea came sideways under us, lifting us well above the other ship so we could look down on her and her crew at their places. In seconds the view changed and she was well above us and we could see under her the full length of the keel as she heeled over and away from trouble.

The next time she approached it was obvious that a decision had been taken to act quickly because the weather was getting wilder and this pass was set at a more acute angle and a lot faster, but well controlled. Even so, just as we touched, the sea lifted us very quickly and our bulwarks hit their rails and lifted them clean off. Despite this the boats stayed together and our crew, with the boys going first, all got aboard quickly, and the lifeboat immediately started her return to Workington into winds of unknown velocity and high seas.

I am not sure how long the voyage took, but it must have been about two hours at least, as speed had to be kept low to prevent damage because most waves were sweeping over the whole boat. One of the lifeboat men said that he had been watching TV before the call-out, and it was about submarines, but he hadn't expected to be in one before the night was

out. Both Liverpool Coastguard and Kippford Lifeboat Station had been good enough to keep in contact with our families during the rescue so we had friends and families awaiting on the dockside on our return.

Not long after we had abandoned *Kiaora* the local Portling Coastguard, who had spent the night keeping watch on us in case they were needed, had reported that she had parted her anchor chain and was drifting up the estuary but then had disappeared. We were sure that she had sunk but next morning she was found on the north end of Rough Island, in reasonable condition.

She was wedged between rocks, which had kept her safely upright and although she had cracked seven frames and lost five planks, which had let in the sea, her overall condition was good.

Our insurance company got their marine surveyor, Bert Jackson, from Barrow in Furness to see her and supervise her salvage, and after first-class temporary repairs she was towed into Kippford on the next available high tide. The hull was taken to Annan on a low loader and made good by Tom Willacy whilst the engine was stripped down and rebuilt at Kippford Slipway by Rex Filler and John Robertson.

A Bronze Medal was awarded by the RNLI to Coxswain Albert Brown in recognition of his courage, determination and fine seamanship in our rescue; but we have always thought that there was not a crewman on the Lifeboat who did not deserve a medal. PR



Ernie Robinson



Peter Reid and Ernie Robinson fishing off Hestan Island

For years I've been a sailboat sitter and sandwich maker. My husband and brother-in-law are the sailing enthusiasts. My sister and I sit on the boat, and make the sandwiches. Through bareboat charters in the Abacos and the British Virgin Islands, plus Sunday afternoons on Lake Lanier north of Atlanta, we women have barely tolerated sailing, shouting in protest when the boat heels over and grumbling when we lie on the deck and tacks whip the jib across our bodies.

This spring, when my husband suggested that the two of us charter alone in Pamlico Sound, I realized that the time had come to do more than watch. Temporarily in residence in the Raleigh-Durham area, I was within easy reach of the Neuse River and the fishing village of Oriental, the self-proclaimed sailing capital of North Carolina. Oriental is a sleepy, charming port on the Intracoastal Waterway, a tiny town founded in the 1870's that over the years has alternately prospered and declined, and that now is taking on new life as a retirement community for urban sailors. Oriental is home to two marinas, two boatyards and the well-stocked Inland Waterway Treasure Company. Oriental also boasts no less than two sailing schools, and all this despite a population of only 700.

I signed up for a two-weekend course at Carolina Sailing Unlimited. The school is run by Reg Fido, an affable but serious instructor whose British accent has barely diminished in two decades of life in the US. Reg's maximum class size is four. When another student canceled two days before the first weekend, I found myself taking private lessons. Reg's course is rigorous: Classroom work starts in the mornings at 8 am with afternoons on the river in *Puffin*, his 33' ketch.

The first afternoon set the stage for the entire course. With 15 to 20 knot winds blowing from the southwest, Reg gave me the helm and put up the sails. The first time the boat heeled over, I abandoned the wheel, confessing that "this makes me nervous." Reg reefed the mainsail, changed the furling jib for a smaller stay sail, and gave me a reassuring bit of sailing philosophy: "You should always sail with what makes you comfortable." Comfort brought confidence and by the end of the second weekend, I was actually looking forward to sailing.

There was one final hurdle before we picked up our charter at Whittaker Creek Yacht Harbor in Oriental. The trip was nearly aborted by a mysterious physical malady that afflicted my husband, Ray Ganga. Ten days prior to departure, a long-term dull ache in his left hip turned into excruciating pain that sent Ray to an emergency room on a Sunday evening. After visits to various doctors, he was reassured by an orthopedist that the pain was just a touch of bursitis. Armed with a vial of painkillers, we arrived in Oriental at noon three days later, Wednesday, May 25th.

The Whittaker Creek staff checked us out in *Eclipse*, our Cal 33. By the time we had loaded our gear, threaded our way out the channel and raised the sails, it was 2:45. The Neuse River at Oriental is some three miles broad as it widens to meet the Sound. That day it was filled with prevail-

On Turning a Sandwich Maker into a Sailor

By Eddy Bay

ing southwesterly winds and soon we were under way with a pleasant 15 knot following wind predicted to freshen as the day continued.

An hour or so later, we suddenly saw a flash of gray cut the surface of the water to starboard. Moments later, two dolphins arched out of the water to port. A third followed on his side just on the surface, scrutinizing us as we laughed in delight. We called out greetings and soon four appeared to starboard, swimming abreast and seeming to touch each other and the side of the boat as they surfaced. For ten to fifteen minutes the dolphins treated us to a performance, dashing under the boat, swimming in pairs, sliding along the surface and frolicking in foursomes. Then they disappeared, off to feed or perhaps to play with some other lucky sailors.

Alone once again, we concentrated on our course. Our destination was West Bay, an enormous inlet that offers the only sheltered anchorages on the southern edges of Pamlico Sound. Deep inside, West Bay divides into two arms. Long Bay stretches southwest past a restricted military area. The shorter West Thorofare Bay leads to Thorofare Channel which connects West Bay with the shallow waters of Core Sound just inside the southernmost barrier islands of the Outer Banks. For our purposes, West Bay also marked a mid-way point between Oriental and the popular Outer Banks destination of Ocracoke Island. Our plan was to anchor, and if winds on the following morning were favorable, to make a run for Ocracoke.

To reach West Bay, we followed the day beacons marking the ICW up the Neuse River to its mouth. Rounding the 24' flashing "NR" that marks the northwest limit of shoals off a large marshy area reserved by the military for target practice, we set a course of 105 degrees. We would need to skirt roughly seven nautical miles of shoaling before we reached the entrance to West Bay. Much of the time we would be out of sight of land, except for tiny Swan Island that we expected to see to starboard about halfway.

Meanwhile, the wind, as predicted, had freshened and the chop was turning into sharp steep waves. Now on a beam reach, the boat became more and more difficult to control. We reefed the mainsail, then put in a second reef. After a while, we lowered the jib and started the motor. By six o'clock, after more than an hour on our new course, we had still not seen Swan Island. The boat continued to buck and yaw, and the waves seemed decidedly more threatening. A fishing vessel loomed directly in our course. We passed it to leeward, decided that we had been drifting off course and changed to 200 degrees. Even reefed, the mainsail was proving too much

for us, so we lowered it, and continued under power alone.

Earlier, we had noticed helicopters off in the distance, and assumed that they were associated with military activities in the prohibited area. Now a marine helicopter materialized and hovered over us. Did they think we were in trouble? Were we in trouble? Momentarily I imagined darkness falling and us lost in the Sound, with the wind and waves whipping us towards shoals in virtually every direction. The helicopter moved on, and Ray shouted that he saw land, Swan Island at last.

We motored on, but the land was too large for Swan Island. A marker emerged out of the late afternoon haze. Could it be "2WB," the entrance to West Bay? As Ray turned the helm towards the marker, I went below and checked the Loran. Our position checked out. We were precisely where we needed to be. The marine helicopter returned for a final pass, and we waved gaily, we all now knew that *Eclipse* was headed to safety.

After another thirty minutes of motor-ing nearly directly into the heavy chop we entered the West Bay channel. Dusk was falling, and we made some calculations about our rate of speed and the growing darkness. The closest anchorage would be in West Thorofare Bay. We decided to make for flashing beacon "10WB." For more than an hour we strained to see each day beacon marking the long zigzag channel through West Bay. Eventually, "8WB," which marks the division of the Bay into two arms, came into view. It began to flash as we watched it. Once past, we were able to make out "10WB," shielded in part by three shrimpers rocking along towards us under the weight of their nets.

With darkness falling, the four-second flash of red light was as welcoming as a fireside on a winter's night. We cleared the beacon and Ray went forward to lower the anchor while I moved us slowly out of the channel towards the low line of marsh to starboard. By 8:30, the anchor was set and we went below for dinner. Ray was elated at our day's work. I had feelings of accomplishment mixed with numbness at the memory of us being pummeled by waves, out of sight of land and threatened by nightfall. The next day, I figured, had to be better.

The following morning, the soft chop in our sheltered anchorage was heavier. The marine forecast called for 25 to 30 knot winds with a small-craft advisory, and predicted a 70 percent probability of thunderstorms late in the day. All I could think of were the waves of the day before. We quickly canceled Ocracoke, but what else might we do? Ray suggested heading for the western areas of Pamlico Sound, Bay River or the Pamlico River, but both required us to brave the same long stretch of landless Sound. The memory of the day before was too strong. I refused to leave West Bay. Reg's rule said that you sail with what makes you comfortable; nothing was going to make me comfortable that day. With some reluctance at his crew's mutiny, Ray agreed to spend the day in West Bay.

The cruising guide describes West Bay as "a large, delightful body of water which has heretofore remained undiscovered by

pleasure boaters." We soon realized why West Bay had failed to attract the pleasure trade. Marshes or shoals in all directions discourage land exploration. There are no buildings of any kind visible, except for the off-limits military restricted area with its massive airplane-hangar sized structure and transmission tower. By night, its flood-lit exterior evokes spy-thriller plots of hidden submarine bases and top-secret military schemes to kill dictators with exploding cigars. By day it receives and sends off a steady stream of visitors from Thorofare Channel on a slightly shabby speed boat with a tattered American flag.

Indeed, the most excitement visible was in the direction of the channel, where we could see the partial arch of a bridge under construction, its piers supporting about two-thirds of a roadway. That, we realized, had to be a replacement for the present swing bridge over Thorofare Channel. The new bridge will carry uninterrupted the traffic headed for the Cedar Island Ferry to Ocracoke.

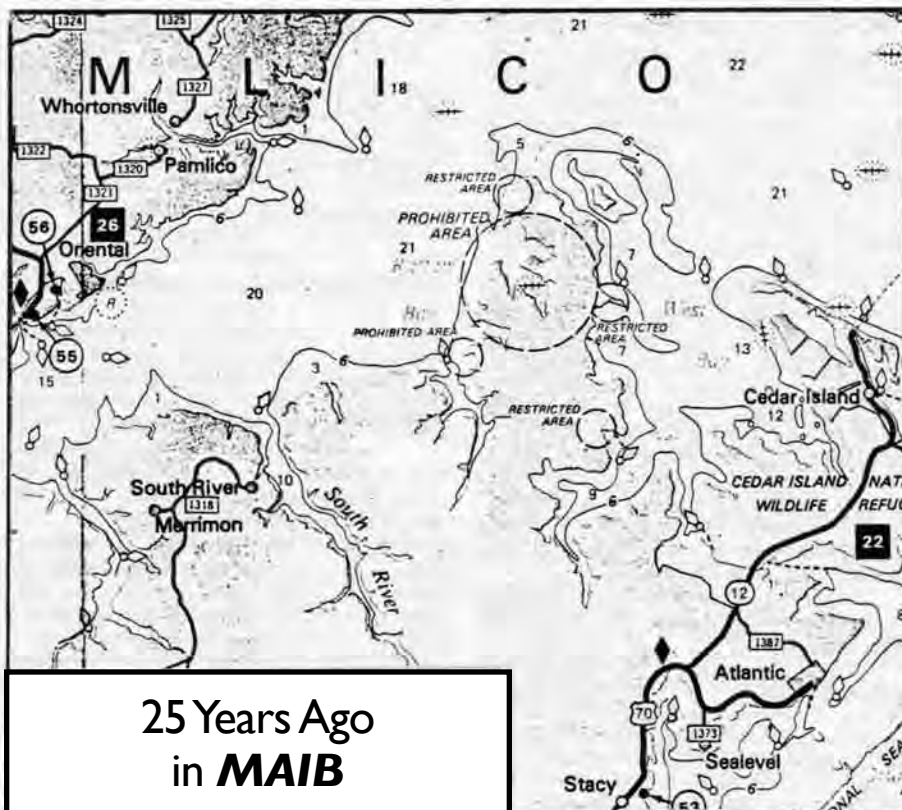
With entertainment and exploration possibilities limited, and with Ray's bursitis forcing him to take a regular stream of painkillers, we settled for a sail to the mouth of the Bay and a leisurely search for a new anchorage. By mid-afternoon, we were settled further down Thorofare Bay on two anchors in six-and-a-half feet of water deep in a field of crab-pot moorings. The marine radio was now predicting that the wind would shift to the north just after midnight. Meanwhile, it blew relentlessly from the southwest. We found ourselves wondering, if this was a protected anchorage, what it would feel like to be exposed to the wind.

After supper that evening, Ray admitted that his pain had increased, that it was as bad as it had been two weeks before when he had gone to an emergency room for relief. I was stunned. It was growing dark, and it was far too late even to consider trying to go back to Oriental. Should I call the Coast Guard, or maybe our Marines? I imagined Ray being lifted out of the cockpit in a stretcher and winched up to the waiting helicopter.

Then in quick succession, I had a ludicrous dream-like sequence of ideas interlaced with bits of information from my sailing course. Which level of emergency was this? Mayday? or was it "Pan-Pan?" Certainly it was too serious for "Securite." Should I try to get help from the military speed boat? Or some passing shrimper? If I did call for help and we left the boat, what would happen? If salvagers got it, we'd certainly lose our \$500 deposit. But would we have to buy a replacement boat, or would insurance cover the losses? In the end, I vowed that at first light we would leave, no matter what the weather.

Meanwhile, we took half the ice from our icebox and fashioned a pack for Ray's hip. It provided some relief, and we settled down for the night. Ray slept fitfully, and I was not much better, getting up several times to go on deck and make sure that the flashing green "11WB" beacon was still in place less than a half mile to the east.

By daybreak, the wind had dropped. I went above to check our position and panicked for a moment. We seemed to have drifted into an entirely new world. I recognized nothing. A soft rain had turned ev-



erything to shades of gray. Land and water were flatter and broader, and the low edge of the marshes seemed much farther away than the previous afternoon. Then I realized that "11WB" was where it should be.

The wind was still from the southwest, and in the distance to the east the new bridge was alternately appearing and fading pier by pier as low clouds passed through it. A boat materialized with yellow slickered men checking crab pots. They acted as if we were invisible as they slowly motored around and past us. A crewman worked to an easy unbroken rhythm as he lifted each pot with a hook, emptied its contents on the deck, dropped a replacement, and began again.

Ray was slightly better, so we had coffee and found our own foul-weather gear. I went forward to hoist the anchors and wash off the bottom's gray mud. Meanwhile, Ray handled the helm. Once under way, he settled into a corner of the cockpit with the remainder of our ice. The night before, I had plotted our course from the entrance of West Bay. By the time we cleared the last marker, the wind had begun its shift, and we moved dead into the wind on our 310 heading. Wanting to motor on the most direct course possible, I had decided to run along the shoals, so we kept a close watch on our depth. This time, Swan Island came into view as expected on our port side.

With time, the weather began to clear, and I realized that I wanted to raise the sails, to prove to myself that I could work a boat single-handed. After we changed course to 235 degrees, I hoisted the mainsail and jib, took out the reefs that we had used the day before and set to trimming the sails. Ray felt well enough to take the helm while I winched away, trying to eke maximum speed out of sails whose tell-tales stubbornly refused to stream.

With the motor off and our speed still a respectable 5 to 6 knots, we cleared "NR" and turned into the mouth of the Neuse River. The wind, continuing its shift to the north, became fitful, and broken and uneven clouds threatened more rain. For a while, we were nearly becalmed, and returned to motoring.

About one o'clock, when we were off Gum Thicket Shoal on the north bank of the Neuse, I went below to find something to eat. Ray was in pain, but willing to take the helm as needed. Suddenly the boat began to hum. By the time I climbed out of the cabin, Ray had stopped the engine and was exclaiming that our speed was up to 10 knots. Our burst of speed set our adrenaline afloar, and helped temporarily to lessen Ray's pain. The wind remained fresh and strong as we flew all the way back up the river, jibing dangerously close to shoals on the south bank before our final tack across to Oriental.

By the time we had docked, Ray was unable to walk. That night, he slept in a hospital in New Bern, having received a shot of morphine along with his diagnosis of a ruptured disk. Our next problem would be to transport him home to Atlanta. But that is a landlubber's tale to be saved for another setting.

Ray is now recovering. He can walk again, and hopes to strengthen his back through exercise. When friends ask us about our Oriental charter, we laugh and recite the old joke, "Apart from that, Mrs. Lincoln, how was the play?" In fact, our "play" was superb. Ray says that it was a great experience for him to realize that he does not need to be wholly responsible for a boat. I am pleased to have discovered that I know something about sailing, and that I am able to apply my knowledge to good effect. We are both looking forward to more adventures afloat.

Beginning with The Corps of Engineers

I first went to work for the Corps of Engineers in March of '63. I was assigned to Lock #1. Commonly called the Ford Dam, it was raised on the site of an earlier dam when Ford Motor Company wanted to have a power plant for their new St Paul assembly plant. The lock was built when Ford was still making Model Ts. The equipment was antique. It had hydraulic pumps to run all the functions. All of the controls were out in the weather. The gates were operated by pushing or pulling on waist high levers that opened valves that opened the flow of hydraulic oil to the large cylinder that moved a gear rack that in turn moved a gear sector that swung the gates.

When I started, the cylinders on the upper working gates were disassembled and ready to get rebuilt. Being the new man, and also a small guy, I got the job of crawling through these cylinders with some emery cloth to sand out any rust. That was my first week with the Corps. The second week we rebuilt the cylinders and I learned what hydraulic oil smelled like. I started wearing it home often.

Things improved when the navigation season began and I learned how to operate Lock #1. Most of the guys who I worked with were WWII veterans. I was the new kid on the block and I got along with most of them.

In the early '60s not much thought was given to the environment. The river was badly polluted and we all accepted that. When the water warmed in the summer we would get a head of scum in the lock when we filled it. Sometimes this scum got a foot or more deep. Often the small boaters would get rather concerned as this scum would surround their boats and come close to climbing aboard.

One summer we were going to build a new, better storage building on the upper end of the river wall. There was a lot of old paint and other unknown stuff stored in the old shack. Most of it got deep sixed, includ-

Sea Stories & Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob..

ing a couple full barrels with unknown contents in them. They sank just above the dam and were forgotten, almost. Later in the '60s the environmental guys started preaching to us about cleaning up the river. My first reaction was "impossible." I am very glad that I was wrong. Before I left Lock #1 the river had cleaned up quite a bit.

A sure sign that things were improving was when we began getting the mayflies that the other locks down the river were talking about on summer nights. Mayflies don't live in badly polluted water but we were beginning to get them back. A new part of the job was to shovel their dead little bodies off the lock walls in the morning.

We had two floods during my stay at Lock #1, one in '65, another in '69. I believe that it was '69 when the water got high enough to pour over the upper gate so we could no longer use that route to work on the center wall where the control station sat. We set up a cable across the lock chamber that was attached to the tops of valve houses on the lower wall. They were on the opposite walls. That put the cable about 8' above the wall. We put a single part pulley on that cable and hung a bosun's chair from that pulley. We needed a way to pull ourselves across so we added an endless loop of rope with pulley attached on both sides. We could travel across 20' over a lock filled with flood water and a lot of logs and other debris. That was our way to work for about a week until the water got lower and we could start walking over the upper gates again.

We did a lot of stuff the old way. We would let the equipment freeze up over the winter and we needed to use a steam boiler and a long hose down in the valve pits to melt away the winter ice so we could get back into operation in the spring. That occupation filled a couple of weeks each year. Our assistant lock master had an idea that worked just fine. The boss was off on sick leave when we had shut down for the winter. He opened the upper valves a crack and let water spill through all winter. The moving water kept the machinery open and ready to use anytime.

The Ford dam was impossible to see from upriver. Several times I suggested that we should have some kind of sign to warn boaters of the danger. I was always told that no one had ever gone over the dam. Yet nothing changed until the first one did, then things changed fast. The assistant and I were working a Saturday shift together. Mid afternoon we locked up a small runabout with a couple of 50 somethings in it. They went off upriver. We were going back down with a couple of other boats when the boat that we sent up river came back down the center of the river and, of course, over the dam.

The boss said to finish the downbound lockage and call the police and request an ambulance. He then went off to lower a lifeboat on our lower wall. I unlocked the gate and joined him on the boat. He tried to reach the folks by boat but he went by foot to reach the guys with their very broken boat. I took the boat around an island and came in where they all were, standing ankle deep in the water on the apron below the dam. We

loaded up the casualties and headed back to lock wall to get them safely ashore.

As we passed the end of the river wall we spotted several men standing on the end of the river wall holding large cameras. The owner of the boat saw them and asked the boss, "Are they reporters? I can't have any publicity. I'm a married man." This was before the days of 911. I had called for an ambulance. What we got were reporters and a big fire truck that blocked the road, which had to back up a long hill so we could chase all the reporters out and get the ambulance that I requested.


A year later I was talking to lawyers. It seems they were now suing each other. The lawyers wanted me to say for sure who was driving the boat when it went over the dam. Sorry folks, I don't know. He was driving when they went upriver but I don't know if they had changed seats somewhere. All that I saw for certain was the bottom of the boat as it swerved too late. It hit the top of the dam before it went over. I did pick up one interesting fact reading their statements, that the two people involved live a couple of houses apart. I always wondered if the boat owner was still married after this event.

OK, that was a long way around to get back to putting some warning signs up above the dam. I knew that they were needed. I had worked on the Ohio River where they always parked a small barge with a warning sign when the wicket dam was up. The Ford Dam was just as invisible from upriver. The first thing that could be seen was the island below the dam. We spent the rest of that summer adding signs and buoys across the river to warn boaters of the danger. No one would listen to me I was just a peon who worked there.

Lock #1 was a small lock. It would take two barges with enough room for a narrow tug to fit in alongside. That was often our lockage. We did have a twice daily gravel boat six days a week moving four 100' barges loaded with sand and gravel headed upriver to a terminal between the two upper locks. On rare occasions we would see the Coast Guard fixing the buoys and shore markers and also several small workboats moving crane barges and the likes.

It was always a pleasure to me to see the *Minneapolis*, the last commercial towboat that I had worked on. It had a very good skipper when I was at the lock working. It was really a joy to watch him bring the boat in with its one barge. It was too large to fit in with more. I knew the boat and this man knew how to get the most out of the direct reversible Atlas engines. I could tell from my place on the top of the wall 30' above just when the engines were running and when the boat was drifting in. The engines were started with compressed air blown into the cylinders. I could hear a woosh of air pushing one piston down followed by another cylinder firing and maybe two or three more firings and he would shut them down again and coast. The skipper had turned a screw maybe a half a turn to get the desired control he wanted. That boat quit coming up and I inquired how the old boy was doing from other boats in the company. I was told that he had died in the wheelhouse. Very fitting for a guy whose career went back into the steamboat era.

My stay at Lock #1 ended when I transferred to Lock #2 at Hastings, Minnesota. Both locks were commuting distance from my home in Apple Valley, a southern suburb in the late fall of '69.



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A Rather Close Call

By Jim Flood

When in mid July a Saturday rolled around and the weather was good, I predictably pulled my 15' launch *Duchess* out of the garage and hooked her trailer to the car. I was looking forward to another fine ride in her. The weather was great as I drove down to Cooley's landing on Fort Lauderdale's New River. I arrived around noon and the tide was on the low side, but the ramps at Cooley's are set up nicely so the tide was no problem.

The way I designed and fitted out my boat, very turn of the 19th century with gold scroll work and whatnot, has made many friends on these outings, people smiling and waving and such, always fun. I appreciate the comments immensely, always.

I decided to cruise down through Port Everglades, then south on the Intracoastal Waterway (ICW), passing under Dania Bridge, then under Sheridan Bridge, towards Hollywood and back. Nearing Sheridan St, I came to an area where the channel, from its position on the east side of the ICW, moves across and continues on the west side. It was there that I noticed a sailboat aground just to the west of the channel. As I approached the sailboat, I wondered how they had managed to go aground and in doing so failed to keep my eye on the rear view mirror.

Suddenly I was aware of the rapid approach from behind of a 25' center console speedboat with 250hp engines. It proceeded to flash by at full speed, pushing a 5' wake. The powerful wake hit me on my port quarter in the worst place it could, surfing me right towards the sailboat at high speed. While visualizing with horror the shattering impact of colliding with the poor sailboat in my mind, I desperately threw the helm far right without thinking and eased the throttle. I was gratified to hear the prop over revving as the stern slide slipped, the launch obeying her helm, turning and missing the sailboat by about 8'.

My shock, however, was overwhelmed by the way the launch handled the enormous wake wave with never a thought of capsizing, solid and stable. A year ago I had added 6" to the beam in the form of tumblehome and 12" to the length. It appears my efforts have more than paid off.

As I circled back to the sailboat to apologize for scaring the hell out of them, I noted the speedboat, after going under the bridge at speed, slowed down at the other side. I was a bit annoyed. Not mad exactly. Near death experiences will do that to you sometimes. So I decided to catch up to them to tell them what they had done to me. My launch can do 9 knots so I steadily gained on them and caught up with them under Hollywood Bridge.

The center console boat was all white with two large high horsepower gray engines and radar on the top of the awning. In the bow a man and woman were necking. There were also three men around the helm. The driver was young, around 30, muscular and blond, and his two friends were about the same age. But I said politely, "Hi, can I have a word with you?"

"Not now," he replied.

I responded, "Oh, I think we really should, you know you liked to have killed me back there, almost drove me like a sword into that sailboat with your wake." I see I must have worried him because with that he turned towards me obliquely and threw his boat into full throttle, giving me a huge wake again. The impact of the wake rammed my cooler and spare gas to the port side but the launch took it wonderfully (I love that boat). I watched as my assailant flew at full speed south on the ICW, disappearing from sight within minutes.

There was another boat aft whose driver witnessed both episodes and he waved as he went by me. Strangely I was not that annoyed, in fact, I was so happy with the way my launch took the abuse I was feeling kind of elated. In the end I find myself a bit thankful to that unwitting benefactor. In his display of reckless bravado he proved to me just how tough my launch had become in a way that I, as her parent, would never have had the heart to subject her to.



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Huge Nautical Yard Sale

The Cape Cod Maritime Museum will have a huge nautical yard sale on October 12, Columbus Day weekend. There will be tools, rigging, hardware, supplies, books and much more, new and old.

At least eight boats, ranging in price from \$750 to \$37,500 are for sale: 18' Greenland style skin on frame kayak; 12' wooden Beetle Cat on galvanized trailer; new 12' wooden lapstrake outboard skiff; new 12' Bevin's rowing skiff; new 12' Bevin's sailing skiff; two new 10' Bevin's Jr rowing skiffs; 2012 18' Goldeneye Herreshoff sloop (Cape Cod Shipbuilding) and who knows what else.

The Museum is at 135 South Street on Hyannis Harbor.

Contact the Museum at 508-775-1723 or capecodmaritimemuseum.org.



White Fleet

American Cruise Lines commenced operation of their largest river cruise boat, *American Harmony*, a five deck vessel running eight day cruises out of New Orleans. Larger than her sister ship, *American Song*, she sports the usual various dining venues, luxury staterooms, each with their own balcony, lounges and the standard amenities. Like steamships of old, she docks bow to the shore and passengers enter via a bow ramp.

Royal Caribbean's *Oasis of the Seas* is under attack in the courtroom because a 15-year-old girl, left alone by her parents at a bar, was served many cocktails, compliments of a group of men who subsequently took her to a stateroom and sexually assaulted her. The court ruled on behalf of the girl and her family, stating that the bartender should have recognized that the girl was underage, that several men buying her several drinks was inappropriate and that the cruises such as this one is notorious for sexual assaults.

The *Miami New Times* earlier reported that sexual assaults occur on virtually all cruises. Congressional Committees are investigating the level of complaints of assault on cruise ships.

The *Symphony of the Seas* received an alert that a man had fallen overboard as it cruised between St Kitts and St Thomas. Officers immediately sent a rescue boat to search for the man and, surprisingly, found and rescued the person alive. The ship does not have a motion detector aboard as many ships do. The CEO, Richard Fain, explained that Royal Caribbean feels the system is not yet viable. Cruise line reporters claim that approximately 1.5 people per month die from falling overboard. *Island Princess* and *Majestic Seas* had people intentionally or accidentally falling over the side within the last four weeks.

Being a crewmember on a cruise ship can be very dangerous. A 28-year-old woman slipped and hit her head, causing serious injuries, while working on the *Coasta Fortuna*. Italian Coast Guard evacuated her to San Remo, Italy. *Oasis Of The Seas* had to medically evacuate an Indian woman off the coast of Italy. Meanwhile, aboard *Norwegian Joy* their talented pastry chef, Chandraprakash Beersee, died near Juneau, Alaska, of an apparent heart attack.

Environment

Yes, this writer rants and raves about the environment but this story will tell you plenty about what our political dolts proffer. Iowa's Nutrient Reduction Strategy bill, heralded by Republican Governor Kim Reynolds as a "monumental water quality bill," allots \$282 million over 12 years to reduce nitrogen and phosphorous from our runoffs into the Mississippi by purchasing 7.7 million acres of sponging cover crops in order to reduce pollutants by 45%. The bill lacks water monitoring, benchmarks or much in specifics. A goodly portion of the funding is based on volunteer donations. Much of the work is oriented toward volunteer labor. ("Uh, ah, that's the sound of the men working on the chain gang!")

The Iowa DNR and Iowa Environmental Council note that under this bill it will take 93 years to achieve its goal. They point out that the wetlands goal is tagged at 913 years and the bioreactors touted in the law will take 31,103 years to achieve significant impact! The bill was virtually written by, and



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

promoted under, the Gold Dome of Wisdom in Des Moines by your friendly Farm Bureau.

The water fight between cities and rural areas continue with no real consensus in the realm of jurisprudence, particularly among states. As mentioned several times, Des Moines continues its legal battles against polluting upstream farm counties. White Bear Lake residents (remember that the two prostitutes in "Fargo" were from White Bear Lake, an inside joke because the town is rather upscale and affluent) are fighting area suburbs of the Twin Cities that obtain their water from the Prairie du Chien aquifer. The White Bear Lake folks, replete with very lovely lakeside houses unobtainable by mere mortals, note that the water level on their spectacular pond was falling. An Appellate Court reversed a District Court ruling that groundwater is like surface water and thus it is held in public trust. The Appellate judge decreed that landowners control the water under their land. And the fight goes on.

An Iowa City man has trained his spaniels to round up endangered Ornate Box Turtles. Researchers can then measure, weigh and tag them for future study. The Box Turtle is dwindling because so many were sold by pet stores and their native sandy prairie habitat has been destroyed. My brother had a Box Turtle for several years when we were children. "Snappy" is buried next to "Sniffles" the rabbit and "Tweety" the parakeet.

Shippers were notified that the usually iced over Arctic Ocean would be ice free at least through September. Researchers have given a 6% probability that all Arctic ice will disappear with an increase of 1.5° but a 28% chance if it rises 2°. This is not good news for polar bears. Already, Korea has experienced significant crop change due to global warming. Its apple orchards fail to produce because of the climate change.

Gray Fleet

The Navy has been a little haphazard in naming ships. In the past, each class of ship received its name from a special group, e.g. State, City, Historic Battle, etc. In recent years naming was simply unconfined by definition and many people have complained about the process. SecNavy finally came up with an appropriate procedure:

Ohio Class Submarines: No naming rule as of now.

Virginia Class Attack Submarine: Named for states.

Aircraft Carriers: Named for Presidents.
Destroyers: Named for deceased members of the Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, or Secretaries of the Navy.

Frigates: No specific procedure.

Littoral Combat Ships (LCS): Named for important US cities.

Amphibious Assault Ships: Named for USMC battles or famous US Navy ships.

San Antonio Class Amphibious Ships: Named for US Cities and communities

attacked after 9/11.

John Lewis Class Oilers: Named for people who fought for civil or human rights.

Expeditionary Fast Transports: Named for small US cities.

Expeditionary Transport Docks: Named for famous names or places of significance to the USMC.

Navajo Class Towing/Salvage/Rescue Ships: Named for Native American tribes or people.

While working on the *USS Iowa* (SSN-797) Commissioning Committee, I was asked about previously named Iowa ships and immediately ran into something of a small gale among the prospective Commanding Officer, the Navy, the Naval Historical Center, the committee chair and others. The historians claim four *USS Iowas*: a Civil War ship converted from a cargo ship to armed vessel but never sailed, *USS Iowa* (BB-4) built in 1899 and saw action in the WWI, *USS Iowa* (BB-53) about two-thirds completed when it was scrapped under the Washington Naval Conference treaties of 1921 and *USS Iowa* (BB-61) that was the US's biggest battleship ever and saw action in WWII, Korea and Viet Nam.

Meanwhile, the CO thinks that only two Iowa named ships actually were commissioned and served. The Navy considers the almost finished BB-53 as a used name. I claim four ships were technically named *USS Iowa*. In the final analysis, I think the *USS Iowa* (SSN-797) will sport a crest with two stars for the two previously commissioned and sailed ships with the name.

Hollywood can't resist sequels to famous movies. Think of "Rocky 5" and subsequent spinoffs. The purveyors of screen and film reached back to the hit "Top Gun" and now have a follow up of "Top Gun," "Maverick," complete with Tom Cruise as a 57-year-old Captain with the need for speed. The scenario is a smidge far fetched. Fifty-seven-year-olds would have about 35 years in service and they would be Vice Admirals at the least. Hey, it is Hollywood and Tom Cruise!

I did meet a Chief Petty Officer who had so many hash marks I had to stop him and count them for myself. They ran from his wrist to the bottom of his "crow." He had ten of the four year marks. He told me that he had retired from the Navy after a full career but was recalled when they brought back the *Iowa* class battleships because crews lacked experience with the 16" guns. This was a special case, nevertheless, 40 years is unheard of for anyone in the Navy. Admiral Hyman Rickover served for a couple of centuries but he owned the Navy's nuclear program and was more powerful than God.

The President ordered that Navy Achievement Medals that were awarded to Judge Advocate General attorneys be rescinded. They had served as prosecutors of SEAL Chief Eddie Gallagher who was accused of killing people while on a mission. The case was a cause célèbre within the military between those who supported SEAL missions when people, sometimes bystanders, are killed and those who believe that Gallagher and others committed war crimes. President Trump became personally involved in the case, ordering Gallagher freed from house arrest before the trial.

Many within the Pentagon were frustrated with Presidential interference in a judicial case. Many former high ranking officers believe that the President has driven a huge

wedge among many military commands. Former Pentagon spokesperson Col David Lapan (USMC ret) said, "that the Presidential intervention was a further politicization of our military. The move was ludicrous in the face of so many more important and pressing personnel issues."

The JAG prosecutors committed sundry mistakes at Chief Gallagher's trial, including examining emails sent by the defense lawyers to uncover press leaks. The judge dismissed one attorney from the case. The prosecutors managed a conviction against Chief Gallagher on lesser charges that lowered his rank, ended his career and had a significant impact on his retirement pension. For this, the lawyers were awarded Navy Achievement Medals that Commander-in-Chief President Trump immediately rescinded. In the final analysis, everyone involved in the case (both sides) was severely disgruntled.

My favorite "dead horse" class of ships, the LCS, finally has one (1) of their own actually sailing after 19 months where not a single LCS was capable of doing anything but decaying. The *USS Montgomery* (LCS-8) left San Diego with no announcement from the Navy. Her mission is to operate in the Pacific especially during joint naval operation training with Asian countries.

The *Independence* variant participated in LCS Surface Warfare Advanced Tactical Training (SWATT) that included firing with live fire shots of her 30mm gun and SeaRAM missiles and anti air warfare operation. The surprise is that she actually survived. We must remember that almost two years ago she blew her main engines and was recalled back to the shipyard, but she managed to generate further damage by smacking the walls of the Panama Canal.

The Navy currently is making a valiant effort to wrestle control of the Coast Guard from Homeland Security and place it in the Department of Defense in a position similar to the Marine Corps with modest autonomy but under overall command of the Navy. This argument has brewed for years and continuously been ignored except in time of war. The current contention is that the Coast Guard is undermanned, underfunded, overburdened and long in the tooth. Only the DOD can rectify these issues.

Some, on the other side of the coin, maintain that the Posse Comitatus Act prohibits the Coast Guard from arresting people and enforcing laws. The DOD states that the Act was a post Civil War law drawn up by Southerners to keep the Army from enforcing federal laws dealing with Reconstruction. It does not include the Coast Guard, Navy or Marine Corps.

Another counter position is that including the Coast Guard within the Navy will

only be one more mouth to feed and lead to intra service rivalry for funding. But the DOD backers note that the Coast Guard budget is simply too small to steal and that DOD money would enhance their funding. During the Government shutdown, Coasties continued their service without being paid. Under the DOD, that would never happen.

The debate will continue for a long time with valid points on both sides. Nevertheless, no one can question that the Coast Guard is continually underfunded but its missions increase annually. In terms of the Coast Guard, Congress and Presidents love to demand more and more work but they will be darned if they are going to pay for it. In the final analysis, Washington lacks a comprehensive strategy and proposal for coastal assignments.

The current fleet tracker internet page shows 53 deployed ships underway and 26 non deployed ships underway. Of the 99 ships deployed, either at sea or docked, Fleet Forces has two ships, 3rd Fleet has one ship, 4th Fleet has two ships, 5th Fleet has 23 ships, 6th Fleet has 14 ships, 7th Fleet has 57 ships for a total of 99 deployed ships. The rest are not deployed awaiting repair, in dry dock, in training or awaiting orders. It is interesting that during World War II the US possessed significantly more ships with fewer "Fleets" and a lot fewer admirals.

Christie Vilsack, wife of former Governor and Secretary of Agriculture Tom Vilsack, participated in the *USS Iowa* (SSN-797) keel laying ceremony in Connecticut in August. Captain and Mrs Peter Welch (USNR-SC ret) accompanied the Vilsacks. Pete is the Chairman of the Commissioning Committee for the last of the *Virginia* Class fast attack nuclear submarines.

Interestingly, submarines do not have "keels" as do surface ships, but the Navy (and the crews) love ceremonies and have to have "keel laying" events for their subs. The celebration is actually a signing of an interior element of the hull by the sponsor that is then etched by a craftsman on the metal. Such a ceremony is much smaller than the christening or the commissioning and it is managed by the shipyard because, technically, the submarine is still theirs and not the Navy's until the actual commissioning. The Trustees of the Commissioning Committee were not invited to this event (read that "me").

General Dynamics Electric Boat has been the main designer and builder of submarines for decades. From 1925 until 1973 the company built 201 submarines (with a couple of other kinds of vessels, too). From 1973 to 2000 they constructed 60 additional boats. Since then, the company does not provide information.

Sponsoring ships is a fairly new concept for submarines and the first several had no one to bust champagne bottles over. Mrs B.S. Bullard sponsored the *USS Cuttlefish* (SS-171), a *Cachalot* Class submarine, in 1934. It was the first submarine entirely built in Groton, Connecticut. Mrs Bullard was the wife of Beirne Saunders Bullard, the second of three generations of Bullards who studied at the Naval Academy. Her husband was an outstanding engineer and author who wrote several important articles for the *Proceedings of the US Naval Institute*, his first while still a Midshipman.

Waterways

For many years captains and ship owners treated seamen horribly, but in 1834 the Seaman's Church Institute was founded to care for them. While most worked on the oceans, the SCI recognized the number of Inland Waterway sailors and took care of them, too. SCI has developed World class Simulators for tug operators, Critical Incident Stress Management protocols, Applied Suicide Intervention Skills workshops and Post Piracy Resiliency Guidelines. Rev David Rider has long been in charge of Seaman's Church Institute but has announced his retirement. He is leaving big shoes to fill.

The Port of Galveston's Annual Financial Report confirmed that it had operating revenues of over \$43 million and net income of over \$8 million. This is a record for the Texas port.

Canadian authorities announced several sweeping additions to their shipping needs. They have granted monies to construct a new shipyard as an element of their National Shipbuilding Strategy. This will be the third shipyard for the Dominion. A second part of this program includes the building of six new icebreakers to ensure the ferry operations in the Eastern Provinces as well as supporting resupply to the Arctic area industries and communities. These icebreakers are seen as essential for year round commerce along the St Lawrence waterway and the Great Lakes.

The anchor handling tug *AHTS Coastal Jaguar* caught fire in an Indian port. One crewmember was killed but the Indian Coast Guard rescued 28 others but one is still missing. Five suffered severe burns and were hospitalized. The ship was built in the 1980s but had not been inspected recently.

Two Missouri women died when a pontoon boat's engine died and the current swept the craft into an anchored barge spilling the seven occupants. One woman was rescued but died in the hospital while the other's body was not recovered until the next day. DNR reported that the pontoon boat's propeller had wrapped a rope around itself causing the engine failure.





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Wooden Boats

By Ed Jenne

I suppose that I've always enjoyed boats and ships ever since I was very young. However, for most of my life I haven't been in places conducive to sailing or boating activities. That changed a quite a bit nearly 30 years ago when I married Nancy. Her father, Harold Wolfson, has been an avid sailor since his boyhood. From his home in Larchmont, New York, and nearby Mamaroneck Harbor, he has had steady life of small boats, daysailing, racing and "frostbiting." Over the years I've learned much about sailing small boats from Harold. Unfortunately my home in Montana does not offer much in the way of nearby sailing opportunities which sometimes necessitates Harold having to retrain me in the sailing arts after some long intervals away. Nonetheless, I very much enjoy my time on the water. I've also had the opportunities to sail and boat in San Diego, the San Juans and Flathead Lake.

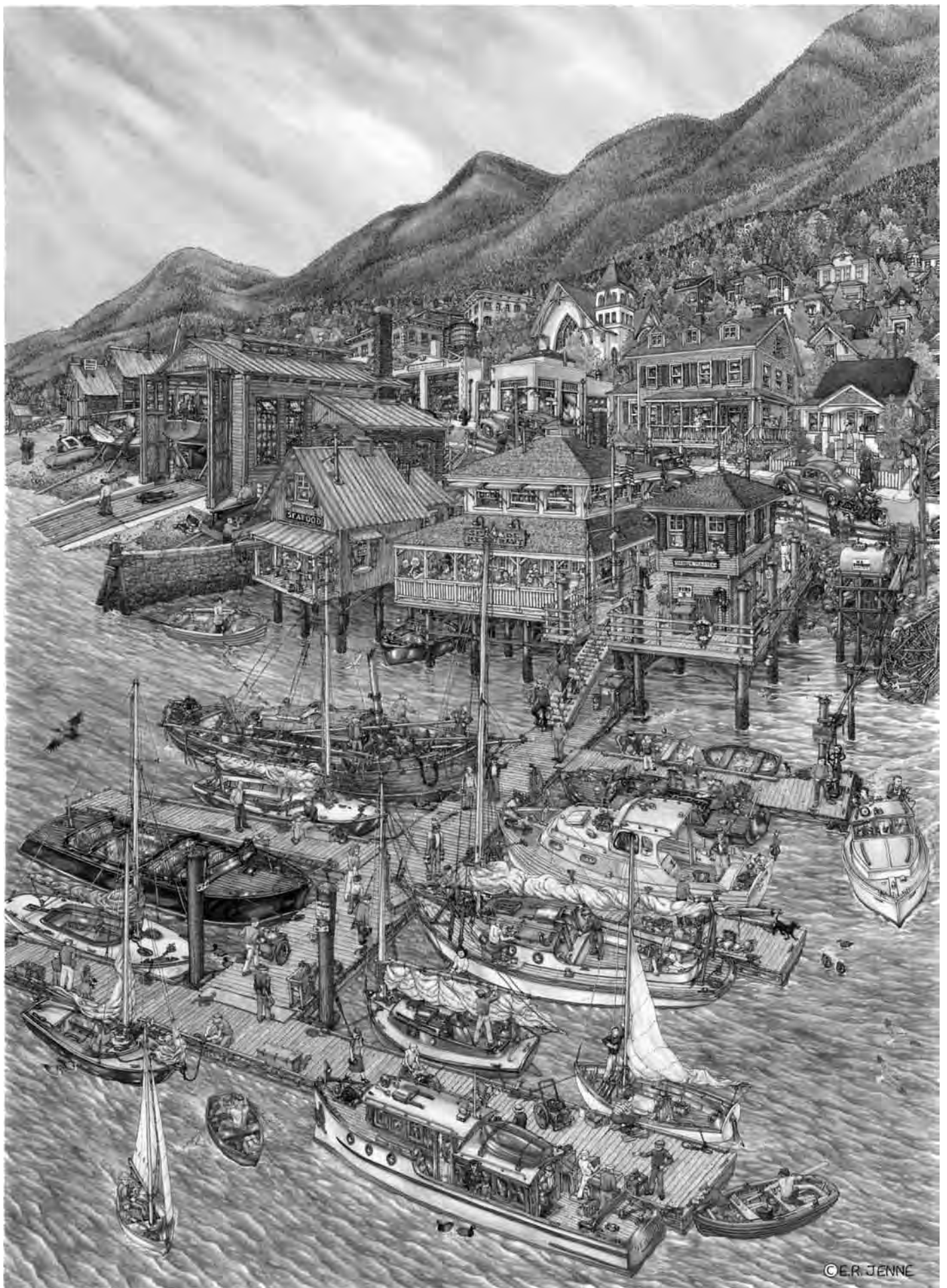
As mentioned, I've always liked old boats of all sorts and how they are put together. I appreciate the beauty of wood carefully curved, shaped and assembled into watercraft. In my career as an illustrator I have had an eye for detail to match my interest in my subject matter. Sailing with Harold provided those nuances that only experience can provide, the fluctuations of wind in the sails, reading the water, the uncompromising tide and the subtle details of time under sail.

I should mention that Harold Wolfson is no stranger to this publication. Over the years he has contributed four stories to *Messing About in Boats*. His stories stretch from buying his first boat, a Herreshof dinghy, in Pawtucket to a cruising adventure around Penobscot Bay and descriptions of navigating a difficult harbor. Recently I have had the opportunity to assemble these tales into a small volume under the title, *Wind at our Back*.

As a freelance illustrator one has to be capable of depicting a wide range of subject matter in a diverse range of styles and media. Occasionally, though, I work on my own projects based on my own interests. The illustration of *Wooden Boats* is one of those works. Perhaps, the lighter style is balanced by some intricate detail. I start with an underdrawing done with a very thin technical pen over which I have added watercolor. The harbor scene is a construction of my own but is predominately influenced by a visit to Port Townsend (I had met up with an old Army buddy there for a sailing trip in his boat around Puget Sound). The scene is also set in an earlier, less hectic time. Initially a portion of this image was licensed as jigsaw puzzle for F.X. Schmid (a division of Ravensburger Puzzle). Recently, by popular demand, I've decided to bring the entire image out as a high quality art print. As an homage to my father-in-law, there is a depiction of Harold and his granddaughter in that small sailboat in the lower left corner of the illustration.

(Ed Jenne is an illustrator living and working in Missoula, Montana. His new print "Wooden Boat" and other illustrations can be found at his website, www.edjenne.com and his e-mail is edjenne@earthlink.net).





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Low Profile, Go Fast Vessel Interdicted

Alameda, California: Crews aboard the precommissioned Coast Guard National Security Cutter *Midgett* (WMSL 757) interdicted a suspected low profile go fast vessel July 31, seizing more than 4,600lbs of cocaine during a boarding in international waters of the Eastern Pacific Ocean. This was the second at sea cocaine seizure made by *Midgett's* crew within five days. *Midgett's* crew seized more than 2,100lbs of cocaine July 25 from a low profile go fast boat, the cutter's first cocaine seizure ever since departing the Pascagoula, Mississippi, shipyard in June following acceptance by the US Coast Guard. The two boardings resulted in a combined seizure of over 6,700lbs of cocaine, estimated to be worth over \$89 million.

Low profile go fast vessels are purpose built by cartels for smuggling large quantities of contraband by riding low in the water to avoid detection. By design, they can be quickly sunk through the use of integrated scuttling valves, a dangerous practice that jeopardizes the safety of the suspected smugglers and the Coast Guard boarding teams.

Nearly 80% of all known illegal narcotics coming into North America are smuggled by international cartels through the Eastern Pacific corridor, an area greater in size than the entire United States. The profits from cocaine allow drug cartels to diversify and fund other illicit trafficking activities including the smuggling of opioids, synthetics, methamphetamines, persons and weapons.

"The national security cutter gets us further faster and delivers more capability once on scene than any other cutter in the history of our service," said Capt Alan McCabe, *Midgett's* commanding officer. "I am incredibly proud of the crew's efforts who made these two seizures possible and we are eager to conduct future operations throughout the Pacific."



Our Coast Guard in Action



Nineteen Illegal Migrants Interdicted

San Juan, Puerto Rico: The Coast Guard Cutter *Richard Dixon* (WPC-1113) crew interdicted 19 illegal migrants approximately 22 miles northwest of Mona Island. A Coast Guard Auxiliary aircraft crew spotted a 20' yola approximately 22 miles northwest of Mona Island. Coast Guard Sector San Juan watchstanders diverted the cutter *Richard Dixon* crew who arrived to find the vessel dead in the water. The *Richard Dixon* crew safely embarked the 14 Dominican adult males, one Dominican adult female, one Dominican minor, two Haitian adult females and one Cuban male aboard the cutter.

The Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Doyle* (WPC-1133) crew transferred 13 migrants to the Dominican Republic Navy, five migrants to US Customs and Border Protection at Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, and one migrant to Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic.

Approximately 3,031 Haitian migrants have attempted to illegally enter the US via the maritime environment in fiscal year 2019 compared to 2,727 Haitian migrants in fiscal year 2018.

Approximately 1,513 Dominican migrants have attempted to illegally enter the US via the maritime environment in fiscal year 2019 compared to 829 Dominican migrants in fiscal year 2018.

Approximately 405 Cuban migrants have attempted to illegally enter the US via the maritime environment in fiscal year 2019 compared to 384 Cuban migrants in fiscal year 2018.

These numbers represent the total number of at sea interdictions, landings and disruptions in the Florida Straits, the Caribbean and Atlantic.

"Migrants attempting to enter the United States from the sea must understand that this is extremely dangerous," said Lt Cmdr James Hodges, duty enforcement officer at Coast Guard 7th District. "They are often grossly overloaded, unseaworthy vessels without any safety equipment. The sea state can change in an instant under terrible weather conditions and is unforgiving to the ill equipped vessels that are often used for these voyages. Sadly many migrants have lost their lives in these attempts."

Once aboard a Coast Guard cutter all migrants receive food, water, shelter and basic medical attention.



Coast Guard News

Semper Nostra Optima

Suspected Smugglers Interdicted

Miami, Florida: The Coast Guard interdicted the 37' pleasure craft *Bada Bing* with three Brazilian migrants, one Jamaican migrant and two suspected smugglers approximately 30 miles east of Hollywood, Florida. The Coast Guard Cutter *Paul Clark* (WPC-1101) crew located the pleasure craft with six people aboard during a patrol and safely embarked two Brazilian adult males, one Brazilian adult female, one Jamaican adult male and two potential smugglers. All six people were transferred to US Customs and Border Protection.

"People should never trust these criminal organizations with their lives," said Petty Officer 1st Class Nicolas Rodriguez, Coast Guard 7th District operations branch. "Attempting to smuggle yourself into the country via the maritime environment is both extremely dangerous and illegal. With the consistent danger these smuggling ventures present, our crews and partner agencies remain persistently vigilant to protect lives and enforce federal laws."

Chinese Migrants Interdicted

Miami, Florida: The Coast Guard interdicted 12 Chinese migrants and two suspected smugglers approximately 13 miles east of Fort Lauderdale. The Coast Guard Cutter *Paul Clark* (WPC-1101) crew located the motor yacht *Carefree* with 14 people aboard during a patrol and safely embarked the 12 Chinese migrants and two potential smugglers.

The two suspected smugglers were taken into Homeland Security Investigations custody and the 12 migrants were transferred to US Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations custody.

"The Coast Guard maintains a focused and coordinated effort with multiple agency assets to interdict criminals in any attempt to unlawfully smuggle migrants by sea to the United States," said Lt Ray Lopez, chief of enforcement at Coast Guard Sector Miami. "Migrants should not attempt to smuggle themselves into the country. They not only risk going to jail but also endanger their lives by entrusting smugglers to bring them across the water with little or no lifesaving equipment on board."



Aircraft Crew Locates Go Fast Vessel

San Juan, Puerto Rico: The Coast Guard and US Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations Branch (CBP AMIO) interdicted approximately 220lbs of cocaine 41 miles southwest of Cabo Rojo. A CBP AMIO aircraft crew located a 20' go fast vessel with three people and suspicious duffel bags aboard. Coast Guard Sector San Juan watchstanders diverted the Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Tezanos* (WPC-1118) crew to the scene to interdict.

While enroute to the vessel, the *Tezanos* crew spotted the go fast crew throwing nine duffel bags overboard. The *Tezanos* crew recovered six of the bags, embarked the three suspected smugglers, destroyed the go fast vessel as a danger to navigation and transferred the smugglers and interdicted cocaine to Coast Guard Investigative Services agents in Puerto Rico.

"This case highlighted the strong partnership between Customs and Border Protection and the Coast Guard," said Capt Gregory Magee, Sector San Juan deputy commander. "This interdiction would not have been possible without our established relationship and great work by their aircrews."

Twenty-Seven Cubans Nabbed off Key West

Key West, Florida: The Coast Guard interdicted 27 Cuban migrants approximately five miles southwest of Key West. A Coast Guard Station Key West 45' Response Boat Medium boat crew interdicted an 18' migrant chug with 27 Cuban migrants, 22 males, four females and one child aboard. The crew safely embarked all 27 migrants aboard the station boat.

"These illegal ventures attempting to immigrate to the United States are extremely dangerous, especially during the hurricane season when weather and sea conditions can dramatically and rapidly change in minutes, putting migrants in danger of being lost at sea," said Capt Jason Ryan, chief of enforcement branch of the Coast Guard 7th District.

"Migrants caught attempting to gain access to the US through these dangerously illegal undertakings at sea will be repatriated to their country in accordance with existing US immigration policy."



A^{the}PPRENTICESHOP

since 1972

So Long Sam Manning

Sam Manning, talented marine illustrator, craftsman, teacher, and seaman, passed away on July 9. His relationship with The Apprenticeshop began in the early years of the program and lasted until his recent passing. Throughout the years Sam has, in his own gentle, quiet way, inspired many apprentices through his love of traditional boats, the techniques used to build those craft, the use of wooden boats both big and small, traditional techniques and tools of woodworking and the care and detail he showed in his craft of drawing.

Sam's interests in the traditional boat realm were boundless. He mentored individuals who wanted to learn to draw, sharing ideas and opening up his studio to those interested in how he achieved such beautiful renditions of craft and building methods. He encouraged apprentices to go adventuring in small wooden boats and shared stories of his own adventures in dories up and down the northeast coast. Sam and Susan were kind enough to come in to the shop and demonstrate how to use and sharpen traditional boat building tools using simple and time tested techniques.

When the shop was working on a historic replica or recreation of a small craft, Sam was eager to share his vast knowledge and thrilled at the knowledge gleaned by those apprentices working on such projects. But perhaps Sam's greatest gift to us was the example he set in showing how one's passion for a craft and their willingness to share that passion can positively affect the wider community.



Photo Credit: Pen Bay Pilot

Marine illustrator, builder, craftsman, teacher, harmonica player, sailor and oarsman, Samuel Manning, Camden Maine, cast off and died gracefully at his home at 12:08am, July 9, 2019. The town clock rang

at the moment of his passing, welcoming him in his transition to his next great adventure. Sam is survived by his wife Susan Manning and daughters Erika Manning and Hilary Manning as well as by a wonderful and caring community of friends.

Sam grew up during the Great Depression and spent his youth on Sunny Meadow Farm in Robertsville, Connecticut, established in 1937 by his mother as a work study farm for wealthy young boys and girls. Sam began his love of carpentry at Sunny Meadow Farm and he was taught true craftsmanship and construction skills through several mentors, skills he employed throughout his life. A pond at Sunny Meadow Farm and summers at Fairfield Beach, Connecticut, captivated him and cultivated his love of the water. His life on the farm during the Depression taught Sam to use what was available and he remained resourceful throughout his life.

In 1943 gas rationing due to World War II and a series of family events made remaining on the farm difficult for Sam's family. Sam's mother and stepfather drove Sam and his sister Penny across country via the infamous Route 66 to Newport Beach, California, where Sam became a Sea Scout. Sam's love of the water grew to a lifestyle, beginning when he and his Sea Scout friends built their own diving suit with air fed helmet and used derelict dinghies to play in the surf.

As Sam grew older he worked summers sailing in Newport Harbor as a deck hand on the 75' wooden yacht *Sirocco*, previously owned by Errol Flynn. After high school Sam moved back to the East Coast where he enlisted in the Navy for a year and was assigned aboard *DDG Sarsfield*, a destroyer operated in Key West. As a quartermaster striker, Sam taught himself navigation by spending leave time up in the bridge studying and becoming proficient in the art of navigation.

Following his first enlistment, Sam worked a year at Nevens Yacht Yard on City Island, New York, and at Derecktor's Yard in Mamaroneck, New York. Sam returned to school where he spent a year at Bowdoin College studying to be an engineer. Due to the Korean War, Sam was called back to the Navy for two additional years with a fleet cruise up to Thule North Greenland in an LST.

When Sam returned to Bowdoin after his second stint in the Navy, he caught up with his friend Bob Peary (son of Admiral Robert Peary, who is best known for reaching the geographic North Pole with his expedition in 1909). Bob had found a 23' dory frozen in the sand at Reid State Park Beach and didn't have to convince Sam to chop her out of the ice and sand. Sam rebuilt her and in the summer of 1955 Sam and a Navy buddy, Don Loomis, rowed and sailed to Cape Breton Island, Canada, with a goal of reaching Newfoundland. However, they were thwarted by several storms, including the remnants of Hurricane Carol as well as the impending start of the fall term at Bowdoin and Sam and

Don were forced to turn back.

After college Sam was a trainee at American Export Line, a steamship company in New York. Sam then worked as a salesman for Alexander Hamilton where he soon became the top New England salesman in the organization. Though a great salesman, carpentry was his calling and Sam transitioned to work as a carpenter for Hobbs, Inc, Custom Luxury Home Builders, where he was quickly promoted to foreman.

A self taught illustrator, Sam's official career began in a small cabin back in Cape Breton Island, Canada, where he and his first wife Helga spent a year in which Sam honed his illustration skills and contacted the well known publication *Maine Coast Fisherman* in Camden, Maine (which became *National Fisherman*) and was commissioned to submit articles and drawings to the magazine. Sam's work with *Maine Coast Fisherman* brought him to Camden where he was then commissioned to produce six drawings of a schooner called *Silver Heels* which was under construction. After presenting his work, the Naval Architect, Murray Peterson, pronounced them "the best damn drawings he had ever seen."

Sam moved back to Connecticut with Helga where his daughters were born but returned to Camden in 1969 where he settled in Maine permanently. In 1972 Sam and Helga divorced and in 1975 Sam met Susan, who became his second wife. Sam and Susan became a harbor fixture where they rowed and sailed the fourth of Sam's dories almost every day, rain or shine, for over 40 years in Camden Harbor and elsewhere.

During the latter half of Sam's life he continued his work as an illustrator and authored, co authored and illustrated several books and was a frequent contributor to *Wooden Boat Magazine* and other publications. Additionally, Sam was a gifted commercial artist.

In 1998 Sam and Susan were featured in a video documentary aired on PBS called "Islands In Time," part of an "Anyplace Wild" series. They were filmed as they rowed and sailed over 20 miles of open ocean to the remote Matinicus group of islands.

Sam Manning has left behind an incredible legacy, his simple way of living, his attention to detail, his quality craftsmanship, whether in boat building, house building or furnishings, is meant to stand the test of time. Many of Sam's illustrations have and will continue to be preserved at the Penobscot Marine Museum where future generations can experience the art of craftsmanship carefully preserved in illustration.

Perhaps his most powerful legacy is one he was not aware of. Sam was self taught in most aspects of his life and he was eager to teach people what he learned. His students, who he would call his friends, have embraced his lessons and his legacy will live on through others and kept teaching us up to the end how to live and how to die with grace.

Summer Adventure Sail

By Nina Noah



Summer youth sailors set out on an adventure sail in the Twins. This has become a regular Wednesday tradition.

Photo Credit: Nate Hathaway

Day 1: Morning, 6:30am

There is an intensity of pink light, electric stripes shooting across the sky against a dark backdrop of jagged trees. At the edges, lavender clouds fade into the blueness of dawn. It's such a clear morning and so quiet except for the birds and the occasional lobster boat. I like sleeping without the tarps. When I inevitably wake up in the middle of the night, it's nice to be able to see the sky, the puffs of cloud against the moon, encircled by a faint rainbow halo. I somehow thought we were aground because I couldn't feel the boat moving under me, I couldn't hear the gurgling lap of the waves against the hull.

But when I sat up to get a better look, I realized the water was just extremely calm. I suppose that won't bode well for our wind today. We can see the current running in the channel, but the breeze is faint and the water in here, tucked in at Green's, is glassy. Everything feels asleep, not yet touched by the routines of morning.

Day 2: Brimstone

Brimstone is one of my favorite places, starting with the approach. As we sail through the last stretch of islands tucked up under Vin-alhaven, towards the small, balding head of Brimstone, the only thing beyond us is blue horizon. It feels like we might just fall off the edge of the earth if we went any farther. As we near the island we can hear the sucking sound of the smooth black cobbles being pulled back into the sea from the tombolo beach. We breeze in under sail and throw out our stern anchor, nosing in to shore with our oars. One brave soul makes an epic jump into the shallows and trudges up the beach with the bow anchor slung over his shoulders. The landslide under his feet is like an outpouring of dried beans from an upset jar.

Setting out to explore, scrambling over rocks spattered with bright rust colored lichens, it feels like an otherworldly landscape. It seems as if it's inhabited only by

plants, birds, and insects, anything that can travel on air. They dodge in and out of sight against a backdrop of plush green, peppered with fiery red grasses and snowlike flowers. The few trees on the island look shocked, like they've been frozen in place by a terrifying sight or turned to stone by Medusa. From the top of the hill we can see Diamond Rock, Saddleback Ledge Lighthouse and Isle au Haut looming in the distance, a deep blue black, hazy through the miles of atmosphere.

One thing I like best about Brimstone, it's virtually impossible not to find a pocketful of good skinning stones.



Progress on the *Dublin Bay*

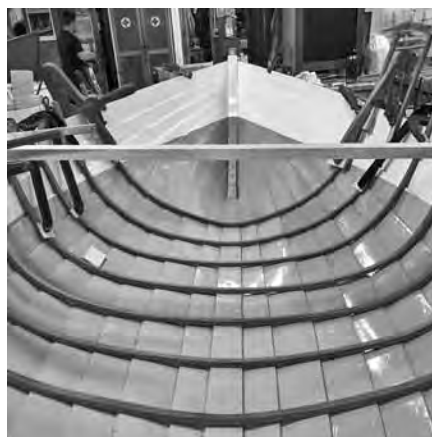
The *Dublin Bay* crew is in the plank-ing groove after weeks of perfecting their method. They've also been fairing the hull as they go and have started to prep for the next stages of construction. Owen, with the help of our two French exchange students from Skol Ar Mor finished laminating all of the mahogany deck beams. After they put on a few more planks, they'll take a break to laminate the sheer clamp in place on the boat.



Photo Credit: Erin Tokarz

A & R Tender

The A&R is looking very fetching. It's gotten its first coats of interior paint as well as most of its frames. While the middle frames went in smoothly, the ones towards the back end of the boat have proven quite challenging to steam in because of all the shape. We've tried pre bending them as well as using props from the ceiling to clamp them in place. We still have one more full frame to go.



Water Wag

The *Water Wag* has come a long way in the last few months. Not only is the hull fully planked, including the beaded mahogany sheer, most of the frames have been steamed in and riveted in place with Daniel's and Joshua's help. It's inspirational to watch Kevin work on her. His work seems effortlessly clean as he moves steadily from one stage of construction to the next. It gives us all something to shoot for in quality and speed as we develop our own building skills.



Susan Skiffs

At the end of June we launched Josh's lovely light blue Susan Skiff. She was sold and is already living with her new owners in southern Maine. Ryan's Susan is nearing completion. He's currently fitting his thwarts and making oarlock pads. He's hoping to launch his boat sometime this month. And we're very happy to have Noah back for the next two weeks as he finishes his skiff before heading back to school. The second floor is brimming with Susans at the moment!



Building a Traditional Japanese Boat

Douglas Brooks recently came to the shop to teach a week long course in traditional Japanese boat building. Students in the course built a 21' long traditional river boat from Niigata Prefecture, locally known as nofunawase. These boats were historically used by farmers to haul rice or transport sand when dredging waterways. Students worked almost exclusively with Japanese boat building tools, many of which have no counterpart in the west.

The techniques used to construct the boat are also quite different from those used in western boat building, seams are fit water-tight using special handsaws and long curved chisels are used to pilot holes for handmade boat nails.

In Japan, these boats were built of cedar. However, for this workshop, students worked with white pine. The boat nails were hand forged by a blacksmith in Vermont. Participants in the workshop included three of our two year apprentices and two outside summer residents. At the end of the workshop we conducted a Shinto boat launching ceremony. The images below take you through the building process from start to finish:



Boats are built right side up on the floor rather than on a strongback. They are braced using props that extend from floor to ceiling.



Planks are saw fit until you get a tight seam. There is no caulking used in the seam.



Once the planks are fit they are edge nailed together. Holes are chiseled into both planks and mortises are cut into one of the sides of the planks to receive the nail heads. Here you can see Douglas laying out the mortises to be chiseled.



One of our students using a special curved chisel to make pilot holes for the nails.



Here you can see the planks being nailed together. They are clamped together so that the nail holes in each plank line up. The handmade nails are pounded through the holes in the mortises into the other plank so that the nail heads sit at the bottom edge of the mortise.



Once the bottom planks are nailed together they are propped in place and weighted down with rocks. Work can begin on the side planks now.



In the center of the boat you can see a template showing the angle between the bottom and side planking. This is one of the few specific measurements used to build the boat.



You can see the scarf joint cut into one of the side planks to join two pieces together. The side planks are edge nailed in the same way the bottom planks are.



Here you can see both side planks as students get ready to fasten them to the bottom of the boat.



The side planks are in place with holes drilled in them ready to receive the nails.



You can see the completed hull. There is some interior work left to be done but the bulk of the boat is finished.

The ends are being cut and shaped.



One student working on making the only seat in the boat.



The completed boat waiting to be launched.



We did a Shinto launch ceremony. One of the parts of the ceremony involves pouring sake over the bow and stern of the boat.

Can we all fit in the boat?



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Meade Gougeon was excited in 2008. “I’m using Six10 for everything!” he said. He was working on his sailing canoe in Florida. In every phone conversation we had he seemed to find a new use for Six10, “... even for composite layups because of its ‘shear thinning,’” a phrase new to me.

In May of 2018, a perfect application came along for Six10, the teak gunwales capping the plywood end grain on my prototype Clam Girl.

Teak, Sanding, and Epoxy

Why teak? After sanding it as smooth as you want, it requires no finish coating. No varnish, paint, lacquer, epoxy, nothing. You’re done. You’ll have a non slip surface that’s a tactile pleasure. It’s as dimensionally stable as Honduran Mahogany “pattern” lumber and is uniquely aromatic when worked. But teak is heavy and costly. It’s said to quickly dull tools and has a reputation for resisting glue.

When I epoxy it, I am cognizant of its oiliness and reputation. So far though, going back to 1980, careful preparation has done well for me. With rasps or #36 grit paper across the grain, I roughen both surfaces. I want plenty of “tooth” for the epoxy to grab. Next, I thoroughly wipe it and scrub it with a solvent, usually alcohol, before applying glue to both pieces. All the teak in the photos had this preparation.



#36 grit sandpaper helps create a lot of tooth for the epoxy to grab onto.

Stern Pieces and Rails

The stern pieces came first, following tradition, overlapped by the sides, then the bow piece overlapped them. Clam Girl’s rails were to be continuous with no jogs or interruptions around her hull’s upper edge of the transom, teak gunwales and blunt bow.

Less traditional was putting the teak gunwales on the outside of her planking. A sailor can comfortably lean back on the inside edge of the hull while gaining the most sailing stability from their weight.

Marking the bottom edge of the teak gunwales with a scribe.



The Joy of Six10

For Teak Gunwales On Prototype Clam Girl

By Hugh Horton

Reprinted from *Epoxyworks*

The transom is complicated because it’s curved in plan and body plan views. I cut the four $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick pieces below the transom’s cap to the body plan curve on a bandsaw and clamped them to bend around the transom’s plan form. The first full length parts, covering the plywood endgrain, were the inner wales, a rabbeted “L” shaped section, $\frac{5}{8}$ " by $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". The rabbet covers the end grain of the plywood sides. The small side of the “L” is flush with the inside of the plywood. Epoxying these pieces was the real test.

Preparation is Key

Preparation is key. Although Six10 is simpler to use, I gather my usual gear of spreaders, putty knives, disposable brushes, 804 Reusable Mixing Sticks, rags and paper towels, vinegar and alcohol. I find all the clamps and clamping blocks I’ll need and check them for old epoxy on the bars.



Many clamps were needed for even clamping pressure when epoxying the gunwales.

A practice dry run, clamping everything without epoxy, is wise. To ensure the sheer didn’t get whacked in plan view or lose symmetry, I clamped pieces to both sides for the dry and wet sequences, although epoxying one side at a time. To squeeze the rabbeted, compound bent teak down to the sheer, a 12" reach bar clamp on each side did it, catching an athwartship clamping board for even pressure.

The Joy of Six10 Strikes

Yes, Six10’s 600 Static Mixer fascinated me, the swirling resin and hardener coming from the nozzle ready to use. In spite of the heat, there was no problem with Six10 hardening too quickly. I was not rushed. After those two days I felt like tap dancing. The joy of Six10 had struck me. The job had been done alone, relatively easily, one side per day, at 90°F with mid 70s dew points. The only fly in the goop was that I should’ve gotten extra static mixers because it seemed there would often be part of a tube left. But Bruce Niederer reminded me that, after a static mixer is used, Six10 still comes out of the tube correctly proportioned so it can be easily mixed by hand.

After the long rabbeted pieces were glued to the hull, capping the plywood endgrain, the next layer was $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. The last long pieces were the $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick outer wales, epoxied after fairing the inner layer.



Dry fitting the rabbeted teak gunwales. Below: The teak gunwales epoxied together on the transom with Six10.



Only the bow piece’s mating surfaces with the hull were shaped for epoxying. Its outer form remained a block of $\frac{8}{4}$ teak for better clamping and eventual shaping, which is often easier after a piece is firmly on the boat. This follows the dictum, too, of trimming flush when you can rather than attempting to glue an exact, finished shape or dimension.

With the boat upside down, I cut the bevel on the underside of the rails with a small circular saw.

Fairing and shaping is all fun. The evocative teak fragrance, the variety of hand tools, the feeling of completion. I’d written to Tom Pawlak, “Just stuck the last tricky piece of teak on Clam Girl’s gunwale. Six10 to the rescue. I’ve begun to love that stuff.”

Clam Girl’s Purpose

Clam Girl’s purpose is an adult’s learn to sail skiff. I drew and modeled her in 2013. “Like a big Optimist Dinghy,” I’d written, “but for one or two large adults. Easy rig and leeboards for Cedar Keys’ shallows.” She’s utilitarian, too, a low impact boat for fishing, birding and sailing with friends or family. Her old cousin is the traditional Gulf Coast, “net skiff” which was often powered by a small

“kicker” engine on either end. Now a brush-less electric motor might be a good choice.

Meade Gougeon met naval architect J.F. Bedard in November of 2016. Meade suggested Bedard could help digitize Clam Girl’s plans. I asked mechanical engineer Simon Lewandowski to build Jan Gougeon’s cone clutch notion of leeboard mounts. Clam Girl is the result of the collaboration of Bedard, Lewandowski and me.

Adults can learn to sail almost as quickly as children if they’re learning in boats which fit them as well as kids fit in 8’ prams. Adults, too, need the same comfort with the effects of their mass on a boat’s trim and balance. And, like a rig for kids, an adult’s learning rig should be simple and efficient. The boat must have room for a passenger and be stable enough to stand and reef. She should be light enough for one to pull ashore.

She is meant to be user friendly, certainly not harder than driving a rental car from an airport. And I’ve tried to eliminate impediments to non sailing, older boaters.



Clam Girl under sail.

Clam Girl’s Rig

Clam Girl’s rig is modern, powerful and controllable with three reefs. The big sail must slide up and down easily with the sail at nearly any angle to the wind. Thus, her mast has hoops instead of a groove or track. Except for the hoops and sailcloth, the form of her rig would not look out of place on a modern racer.

The lightweight, red sail cloth is Contender’s Stormlite. The sailcloth’s “hand” is relatively soft, more like cotton in jeans, rather than crinkly high tech, racing sails. Stormlite is often mistaken for rip stop nylon but it is polyester, common in cruising sails because it is relatively non stretch. (Sailmaker: Tom Barry, Sail Technologies, 1354 20th St N, St Petersburg FL 33713 727-823-1968).

Epoxyworks Editor’s Note: Hugh Horton is a brilliant boat builder and a long time friend of Gougeon Brothers, Inc. He’s written several articles for *Epoxyworks*.

Six10 Thickened Epoxy Adhesive

Six10 Thickened Epoxy Adhesive combines the strength, reliability and excellent physical properties of a two part WEST SYSTEM Epoxy with point and shoot convenience. The self metering coaxial cartridge dispenses a gap filling structural epoxy that bonds tenaciously to wood, metals, fiberglass and concrete. The tube comes with a static mixer that lets you lay down a bead of thickened epoxy with any standard caulking gun.

Six10’s shear thinning properties make it “thinner” as it’s worked. It can be easily tooled into a non sagging fillet or used to wet out light to moderate reinforcing fabrics like fiberglass. The hardener provides a long open time but has fast through cure. Six10 stays workable in the static mixer for 42 minutes, making it practical for long or complicated assemblies.



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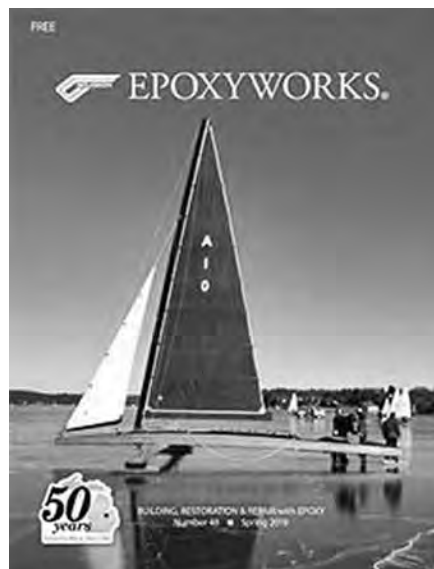
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Clam Girl

By JF Bedard
bedardyachtdesign.com

Clam Girl is a collaboration by Hugh Horton, yours truly and Simon Lewandowski. A model of her has been sitting at Hugh’s in Cedar Key since 2013. Meade Gougeon helped bring Hugh and me together and Simon and Hugh had talked about the engineering of Jan Gougeon’s leeboard system for years.

Just another 10’ boat? Look again, she grows on me every day. I found myself more than a few times these past months talking to folks and saying, “I’ve got just the right boat for you.” First, I’ll let Hugh introduce her:

Waterline for Adults in Thin Water

Originally published in *Small Craft Advisor*, March/April 2014, Issue #86. A short, chunky skiff graceful for her power, pulchritude in every curve. That’s the goal anyway. She’s single chine for Cedar Key, but not exactly flat bottomed.

Adults can learn to sail almost as quickly as children if, and this is a giant IF, they’re learning in boats which fit them as well as kids fit in 8’ Optimist Dinghy prams. Adults, too, need the same comfort with the effects of their mass on a boat’s trim and balance. And, like a rig for kids, an adult’s learning rig should be simple while still powerful and efficient.

After the Cedar Key 2013 boat meet I wrote the boat should have leeboards and a free standing rig. It should be as responsive as an Opti and as easy to build. It must have room for a passenger and be stable enough to stand and reef and light enough for one to pull ashore. Clam Girl, then, is for adults, for slipping over our oyster bars or bumping and crunching on them.



Clam Girl Model

Her first spark came last February after I’d fitted leeboards and a kickup rudder to 10’ *Valencia*, a gift pram hot molded a half century ago in Norway. But in May, when I poked my fingers through rot in her, I grabbed the excuse to keep drawing the 10’4” skiff I’d been sketching since April, then named “Shell Mound Skiff.” Ever helpful Geoff Chick already had verified displacement on his computer.

Messing About in Boats, October 2019 – 39

WEST SYSTEM®

In June, under the steel roof of the house I'm trying to make legally livable, I sweated while shuffling stacks of boxes and restowing furniture, making space for my 20' lofting battens. Instead of my late wife K's and my bedroom and bath and storage, the upper floor now is an unobstructed attic, an "unconditioned" space with a double thick plywood floor 24' off the ground, 11' walls support open roof trusses. The window holes can be closed by 'Bahamas style' hurricane shutters, no screens or wire mesh yet. Flying squirrels have frolicked at night and a pair of Carolina wrens flew in one day. Bugs of all kinds, sticky toed tree frogs and a neighbor's furtive cat visit, too. For big visitors, the 'guest tent' is set up there.

In late August, satisfied with my drawings but conflicted by promises to myself to work only toward the Certificate of Occupancy, and encouraged unwittingly by the friendly building inspector, I was on hands and knees with the long $\frac{3}{4}$ "x $\frac{9}{16}$ " fir batten, and a fly swatter close for despicable "yellow" flies. I drew line after line, different colors, dashed ones, lines almost on top of each other, enough to draw a second grouping of body plans, eventually marking one set with masking tape so I could distinguish them.

In late September, on the deck off the upper floor looking east over a wet sawgrass prairie, I built the model "Clam Girl," 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ " long, 2" to the foot.

Besides cheap, small, light, cartopposable and easy to build, a short waterline boat has another advantage, you can expand your sailing area. Why diminish one's home water if it's small and exquisite? Longer and faster boats can shrink a place. It's a mind trick but its effect is real enough. If pleasant time on the water is wanted, and the journey is important, why not give yourself a little more time, time to revel in sailing swiftly for your waterline length?

Clam Girl can be utilitarian, too, an affordable and low impact working skiff. Her cousin is the Gulf Coast's traditional 14' "net skiff." These have been powered, if not by oars, by a small engine at either end and I've borrowed that, although thinking electric motor.

Clamming, crabbing, oystering and fishing are half of our economy. But the struggling fellow working the inshore fishery, often with two or three jobs, can lose to the highly capitalized. Maybe low power Clam Girl can help since she has enough displacement to be worthwhile, particularly with high oyster prices.

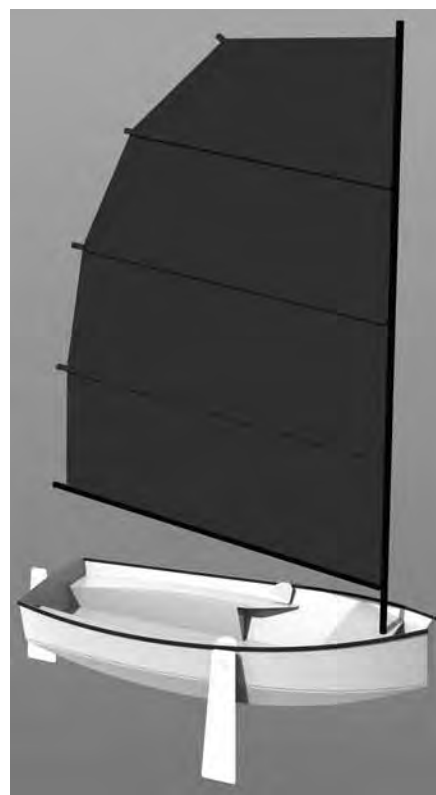
Tom Greenway, in October, moved from Chicago to Panama City, Florida. In November he dropped by and saw the model Clam Girl and her scale spars and glimpsed the neighbor's cat upstairs. In December Tom saw the model's thwart and seat arrangement and only heard what he hoped was the cat. But he's hooked on Clam Girl. Ah ha! A justification for a solid building form sooner and grist of interest for the building inspector.

Clam Girl, the model, is OK, but her shape can use a little more refinement, a gentle touch. Her curved bottom aft, reminiscent of a Lightning or Penguin, asks for tender, subtle tweaks.

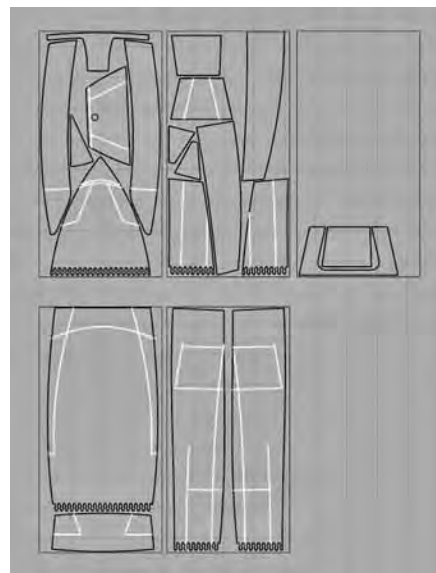
This is where Simon and I come in with our laptops. She will be sold as a kit and cut on the CNC for easy stitch and glue construction. She will have plenty of sail area but is very easy to reef. Hull #1 will have a sweet carbon spar and custom sail but more modest spars are being anticipated, too. Remember, she accents easy and comfortable use for all ages of sailors or learners. She's a useful, utilitarian boat. Competitive sailors will like her rig; all will appreciate her stability.

Construction

Kit #1 is being assembled and we are updating it with all sorts of little details to further ease construction and improve the boat. You can already see that she has lines marked on the panels for waterline, bulkhead intersections, etc. The kit sold will also have stitch holes pre drilled.



Specs		
LOA	10.33ft	3.15m
Beam	4.4ft	1.3m
Draft board up	4in	10cm
Draft board down	26in	65cm
Displacement	440lb	200kg
Sail area	85sq.ft.	7.9sq.m.



First, a brief narration of one of those serendipitous incidents. Well, at least it was serendipitous in the sense that it's something that it's a good thing that I found out about when I did, although not in the sense of being unequivocally "yay, yippee" because it means that I definitely now have more work to do than I thought I did before *Dancing Chicken* is ready to hit the water.

However, it also means that she will probably be safer and more able than she would have been if I'd gone out there before I was presented with this unexpected information. In fact, if I hadn't found this out when I did, things could at some point have become decidedly awkward to say the least.

What happened was this. I was working on something and the boat was sitting nearby bottom up, I had something in my hand that I wanted to put somewhere where it would be at least somewhat safe from getting totally mislaid. So there was the boat. And she's a flat bottomed boat so I figured there it was, the natural place to deposit the item, at least for the time being.

In this case it was a heavy sweater coat and when I put it on the bottom of the forward section of *Dancing Chicken* the bottom started to fold inward. Oops. Of course, the bottom is designed to fold like that, but only when it's time to fold her up and take the adventure someplace else. She had shown no tendency to fold back up again while sitting upright so I figured we were all set on that score.

But then, just that much outside pressure (which, of course, I would have applied in the folding process but didn't think of anything but myself doing so) caused her to start to fold. Hmmmmm.

At this point the solution I came up with seems to be coalescing with an idea I had years ago for what is essentially a geodesic design adapted for the hull of a boat. I had planned to refer to it as "ploion-desic" ("ploion" is, from the research I've done so far, "boat" in Greek). My attempted transliteration, however, turned out to involve more fascinatingly mind boggling aspects than I had realized back in the '50s, which is when I probably first heard the word "geodesic." I improvised the term "ploion-desic" partly to avoid confusion or conflict with Platt Monfort's amazing and super nifty "Geodesic Aerolight" designs (<https://gaboats.com/>).

What I had inferred about the definition of the word "geodesic" may have been influenced by what I understood to have been the conventionally accepted and/or usually stated definition at the time. I have speculated that it was no doubt easier and simpler to say that "geodesic" meant, basically "earth shaped." So I supposed that "ploion-desic" would connote the meaning "boat shaped." However, when I looked it up today, whoa!

Not only do we have the statement by Jackie Craven in her article in ThoughtCo (updated April 29, 2017), "The term 'geodesic' is from Latin, meaning 'earth dividing.' A geodesic line is the shortest distance between any two points on a sphere." (About the Geodesic Dome in Architecture, thoughtco.com).

Wait. What? "Earth dividing?" Not "Earth shaped?" So then I accessed an amazing lecture from which I am including here a very short excerpt (I'm also including a link for those whose fancy is sufficiently tickled to want to hear the rest of the lecture).

"In mathematics, particularly differential geometry, a geodesic... is a generalization of the notion of a 'straight line' to

Dancing Chicken

A Mini-Saga in (?) Parts

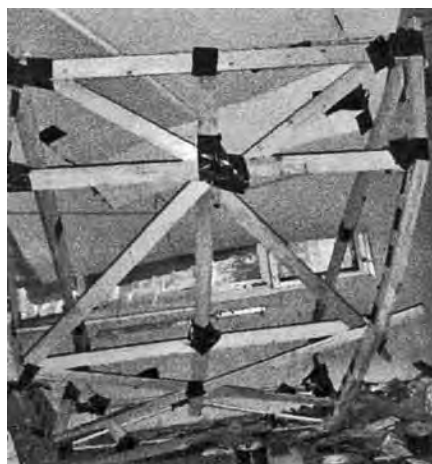
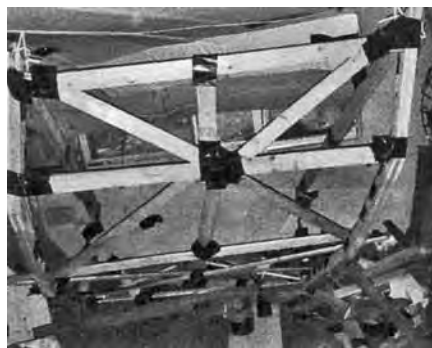
Part XXX

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'curved spaces'.... If this connection is the Levi-Civita connection induced by a Riemannian metric, then the geodesics are (locally) the shortest path between points in the space. The term 'geodesic' comes from geodesy, the science of measuring the size and shape of Earth..." (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fKipbN1J2bo>).

Meanwhile, I'm pretty sure that at some point in this saga I've mentioned my respect and fondness for triangles in general. At this point, of course, *Dancing Chicken* will not be a full fledged "geodesic" boat, although it's not impossible that this might be in the works for the future. The new frames that I am perforce incorporating may end up being a step in that direction.

Rather ironically, I reflect back to a statement I made at the end of Part XXIX, "One interesting fact is that most coroplast boats do not have this much framing. In fact, some have none. However, *Dancing Chicken* is not a typical coroplast boat." I submitted, in that episode, one of those three dimensional rough sketches showing the bow member and the frame for the juncture point. Here are a couple of photos of three dimensional rough sketches showing also the midships frame (which is where we hopefully prevent that premature folding action) and also one other frame between the midships frame and the bow member. That last mentioned just seemed like fun to design, but when they're all in place I think it helps in achieving a very gratifying amount of rigidity.



I took the second photo while sitting on the floor. From that angle the bottom of the boat is easier to see.

Another concern I've had for a while was whether, when one stepped into the boat from, say, a float, the bottom skin would support one's weight securely. I think that with the new frames, and then with an inner layer of coroplast, it probably should (I've been developing methods of doing dry run testing for these factors).

I did notice that this is starting to look more complicated. But then I remembered a question I asked myself in Part XXV, "If I continue on with this design as is (and postulating that I will indeed come up with a satisfactory joining scheme that will keep her safely intact while underway) will she ever be more than a pool toy? I want her to be a cruising dinghy."

At this point I can say that I can see more of a possibility that she will be able to be more of the latter rather than the former. I'm still working on the designs for the frames (three dimensional rough sketching). Next I figured that this might be the point at which it would be expedient to utilize my idea for fabricating hardware with that 12 gauge wire about which I have so often chortled with the tentative future plan of replacing it with manufactured hardware if some is found that would work.

Actually, come to think of it, I have fabricated improvisations using 12 gauge wire that worked better than the manufactured hardware with which it was later replaced. Meanwhile, here is a work in process fastener utilizing 12 gauge wire. Hmmmmm. It sort of works but, as enamored of 12 gauge wire as I am and despite the various nifty uses to which I have put it in the past, I couldn't help thinking that I might wish to experiment with something a little less stiff.



In the process of researching this the term "rebar wire" came up. Wow. "Rebar Wire!" Is that an evocative phrase or what?! Well, OK, to many it might merely be "or what" but I have had some very interesting experiences with rebar, for one thing. For example, those domes I have mentioned from time to time. I did use 12 gauge wire for fastening the junctures on those, mainly because that was one of the materials I had on hand, and it did work.

But for this application, a material with a bit more twiggability if I may, might better help to bring *Dancing Chicken* to where she belongs, out on the water, doing out on the water things.

So if I drag those old math by ear geodesic drawings out of that old box on that shelf in my mind, so to speak, and combine those with some of these materials of which I have recently become aware. Hmmmmm? We shall see.

Galley Storage

I borrowed the idea of putting dishes away wet from my friend Henri Vetter. He designed and built a “drip dry” kitchen for his wife many years ago. His idea sits right at home on a boat. Not having to place washed items on a countertop to dry is a space saver. And not having to manually dry them is a convenience.

The cabinet's frame is constructed of mahogany. The sliding “roll top” cover is made of teak slats held together with 72 brass hinges and 288 tiny screws. The roll top slats have spaces between them to allow for ventilation when closed. The shelves to the left are for frequently used dry goods. The shelf cover doesn't roll up, it swings up.

I decided to oil the knife block and the silverware holder (vs varnish)) to help prevent scratching damage. I also oiled the roll top. I like the contrast of the shiny mahogany against the natural teak wood.



The Building of *Helge* a George Buehler Diesel Duck Part 2

Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.



Sound Dampening

Helge's engine room is coated with a sound dampening paint made by Mascot. Over the four coats of dampening paint are five coats of their ceramic insulation. The dampening paint is sprayed to a thickness of 80mils dry and the insulating paint to 65mils (1mil=0.001 inch).



The Forward Hatch

Helge's forward hatch opening is nice and large at 3'x3'. I made the hatch by laminating $\frac{3}{4}$ " mahogany boards together. As with *Helge's* windows the hatch uses $\frac{3}{8}$ " Lexan.

Because of the hatch's size and *Helge's* ample overhead (over 7'), opening the

heavy hatch is difficult. To overcome this I made a jack screw out of walnut. I picked walnut because the dowels supplied at my woodworking store were very smooth when compared to other woods. I figured that when I cut the threads it might be less likely to chip or splinter. It cut like butter. The jack works quite nicely with the addition of some wooden drawer lube.





Any undetected moisture that makes its way under the foam could potentially become a corrosion nightmare.

But ceramics have their downside, too, because they don't perform as well as foam, they need to be supplemented. I'm installing Sundown's mylar lined 2" fiberglass in the overheads and their 1" unlined on the sides. The sides are also getting Prodex's foil lined 1/4" foam, all of which can easily be removed if needed. The fiberglass is held in place with stainless studs and the foil with screws.

As a note, with 10,000 BTUs of heat, the paint alone maintains a 30° temperature differential in the forward cabin. That's not bad considering it's less than 1/8" thick!

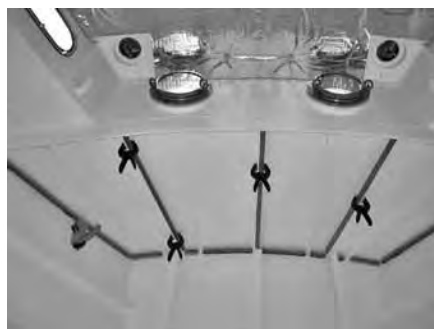
With all the insulation installed, and burning 12,000 BTUs worth of fuel per hour (two gallons/day), *Helge's* forward cabin can maintain a temperature differential of 73°F. I was able to reach 80°.



Insulation

I sprayed *Helge's* entire interior with five coats of Mascoat's ceramic insulating paint. It's hard to imagine that a simple paint can offer protection against heat and cold, but it does. I decided against sprayed in foam for two main reasons.

Making interior surfaces inaccessible by permanently covering them with foam doesn't seem right to me (foam is very difficult to remove).



I used the "tick stick" method to make my foil patterns.



The above photo show the 1" unlined fiberglass in place.

Forward Frames and Deck Beams

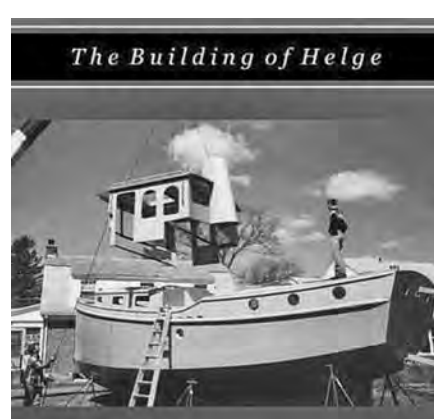
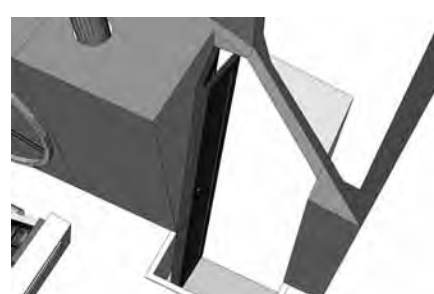
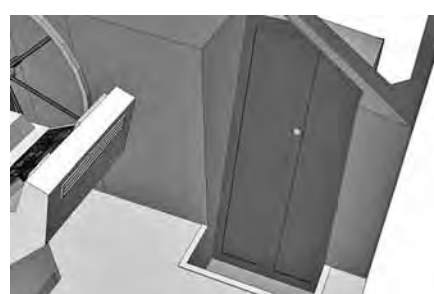
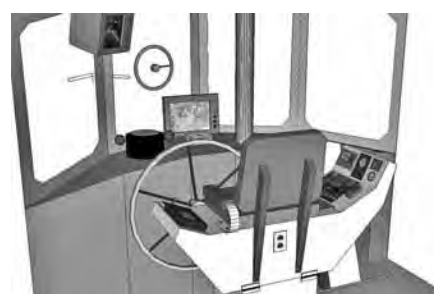
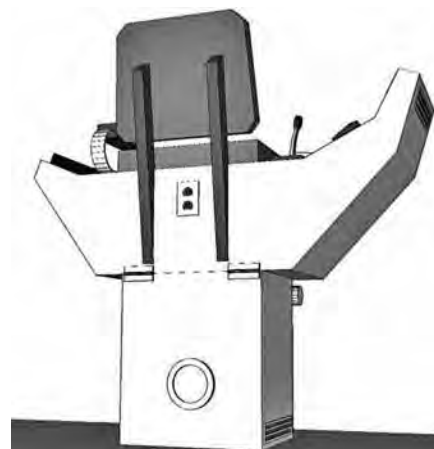
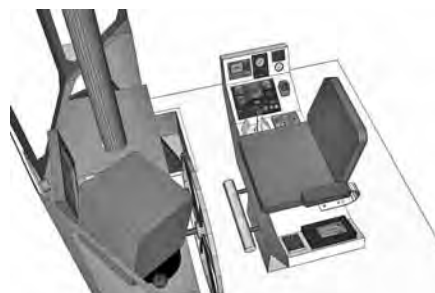
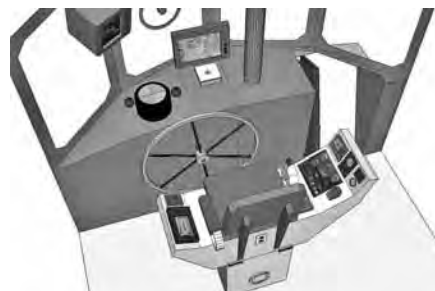
I wish I had built a wooden boat (not really). But I do love the look and feel of a wooden boat's interior. Most steel boats are finished with veneered plywood. In my opinion they end up looking more like a gentlemen's smoking room than a boat.

Helge's interior will be different. The steel frames and deck beams will be dressed up with mahogany. In between the frames *Helge* will be "planked" with 3" cedar. The cedar will be treated with oil and the mahogany varnished.

I'm hoping this combination of faux frames, beams and planking will offer the illusion of wooden boat's interior.



Helm Chair Concept I used Gootgle SketchUp to draft *Helge's* Captain Kirk Helm Chair.



All the excuses for not owning a kayak have just been erased. Oru Kayak, the makers of the original origami inspired kayak, directly tackled weight, carry and set up with the company's newest and most innovative kayak design to date, the Inlet. The Inlet most notably features an all new origami folding pattern that allows the kayak to be intuitively folded from box to boat in under three minutes. The Inlet also boasts the lightest weight and thinnest fold profile of any Oru kayak. At just 10" wide, the Inlet is small enough to be stashed under a living room sofa or stacked 3x in the trunk of a standard compact car.

To achieve the Inlet's unheard of specifications, Oru worked out an entirely new origami folding pattern, the first completely new folding pattern since the company was formed in 2012. Developed by Oru Founder and Chief Design Officer Anton Willis, the new folding pattern produces a significantly streamlined box to boat assembly that eliminates many of the loose parts found in other Oru Kayaks. Notably, the Inlet features Oru's first fully integrated floorboard, enabling a more intuitive and speedy assembly. In a handful of simple steps Inlet owners

Meet the Oru Inlet Origami Kayak

can now be on the water in less than three minutes, 75% faster than past Oru kayak models. Oru's new folding pattern achieves more than just speed, it also maximizes spatial efficiency and reduces overall weight. When fully assembled, the roomy Inlet is 10' long, 31" wide and weighs just 20lbs. When not paddling, the Inlet neatly folds into a compact box similar in size to a guitar case (40"x18"x10").

For Anton Willis, the Inlet represents a dream come to fruition. "This boat represents what I always wanted for Oru, a kayak with intuitive and quick assembly, great stability, an affordable price and unbelievable portability. I strongly feel that the Inlet is as close as we've ever come to building a product that breaks all the common barriers to boat ownership."

In an ongoing effort to make on water recreation accessible to more people, Oru paid special attention to the Inlet's price tag. At MSRP of \$850 (or \$699 for a limited time on Kickstarter), the Inlet is Oru's first kayak ever to be listed under \$1,000 and is notably \$450 less than Oru's currently least expensive model. The Inlet became available on August 13.

For more information, please visit: <https://www.kickstarter.com/projects/1975288517/the-oru-kayak-inlet-most-portable-origami-kayak-ever>

About Oru Kayak

Founded in 2012, Oru Kayak is a leading innovator in the kayaking industry and

the first to bring a foldable kayak to market utilizing the principles of origami. Beyond the functionality of its engineering, the Oru Kayak stands apart from the competition for its superb on the water performance, durability, easy assembly and stylish design. Based in San Francisco and manufactured in the US, Oru Kayak is sold in dozens of countries across five continents including Europe, Australia, Asia and the Americas. For more information visit orukayak.com.

PRODUCT DIMENSIONS:

Box Dimensions: 42"x18"x10"

Full Boat Size: 10'x31"

Weight: 20lbs

COST:

Retail: \$850 (Kickstarter: \$699)

FEATURES:

- Integrated floorboard
- Open cockpit for easy entry and exit
- 10' length for smooth on-water tracking & maneuverability
- Adjustable footrest
- Adjustable backrest
- Front and rear bulkheads
- Padded carrying handles and shoulder strap



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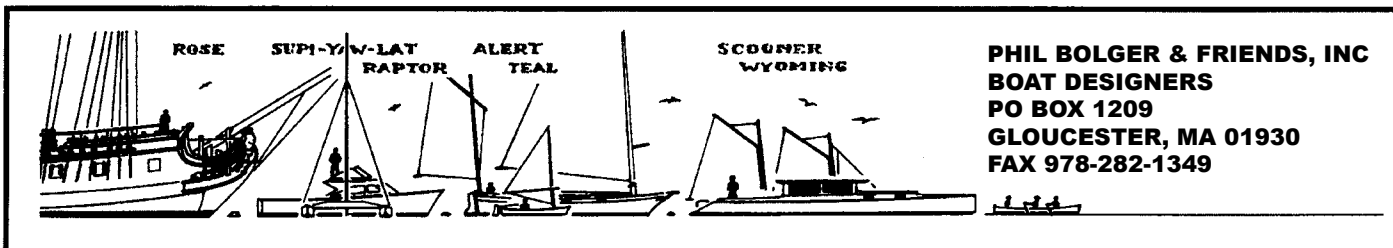
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Twin Solid Rudders?

Two plain blades without any lower swiveling blade extensions offer at least as much authority in shallow waters as one with a rotating lower half, which also typically would be in the way of the on centerline mounting of the outboard, something we looked at on the recent Micro V-18 studies for the same reasons. The original Storm Petrel had the usual off center hung location of that outboard. Here, between the twin rudders, the outboard on center should always offer the most reliable immersion of the prop on whichever tack, particularly important for power sailing off a lee shore.

The drag link between the plain solid blades is not much of a challenge with actually an interesting opportunity to examine this steering geometry we live with driving cars, such as the Ackermann linkage. Unlike

Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

Design Column #539 in *MAIB*

Storm Petrel Cruiser

An Update to Design #337
18'2"x5'2"x1'8" Shallow Long Keel
Balanced Lug Rig 1+1 Person Cruiser

on cars, here on the boat we can have the pivot point on each blade outside the plane of the blade literally protruding some outside to just about perfectly align the relative position of each blade to the other in long gentle or tight curves through the water. Compass arcs to strike, distances to revise, just not necessarily on this study.

Certainly more stuff to amuse myself with getting just perfect, as if drag losses from slight blade misalignments would really matter when the keel plate produces massively draggy eddies as it is forced to rotate through that water. But a good conversation to be had with those underprivileged sailing with just one rudder.

As is the topic of whether we'd want to just use one rudder head to attach a pivoting S-curved tiller and use that drag link to control the other rudder, or whether we'd insist on the extra work of mounting a support above the outboard to then use equal length links out to the rudders just because we only like straight on centerline tiller geometries with a truly symmetric arc of travel across the cockpit.

So, to be stringent, the daily driver then would have to be a McLaren F1 with that centerline steering wheel or a BAC Mono? More choices yet on this much, much cheaper project than these four wheelers.

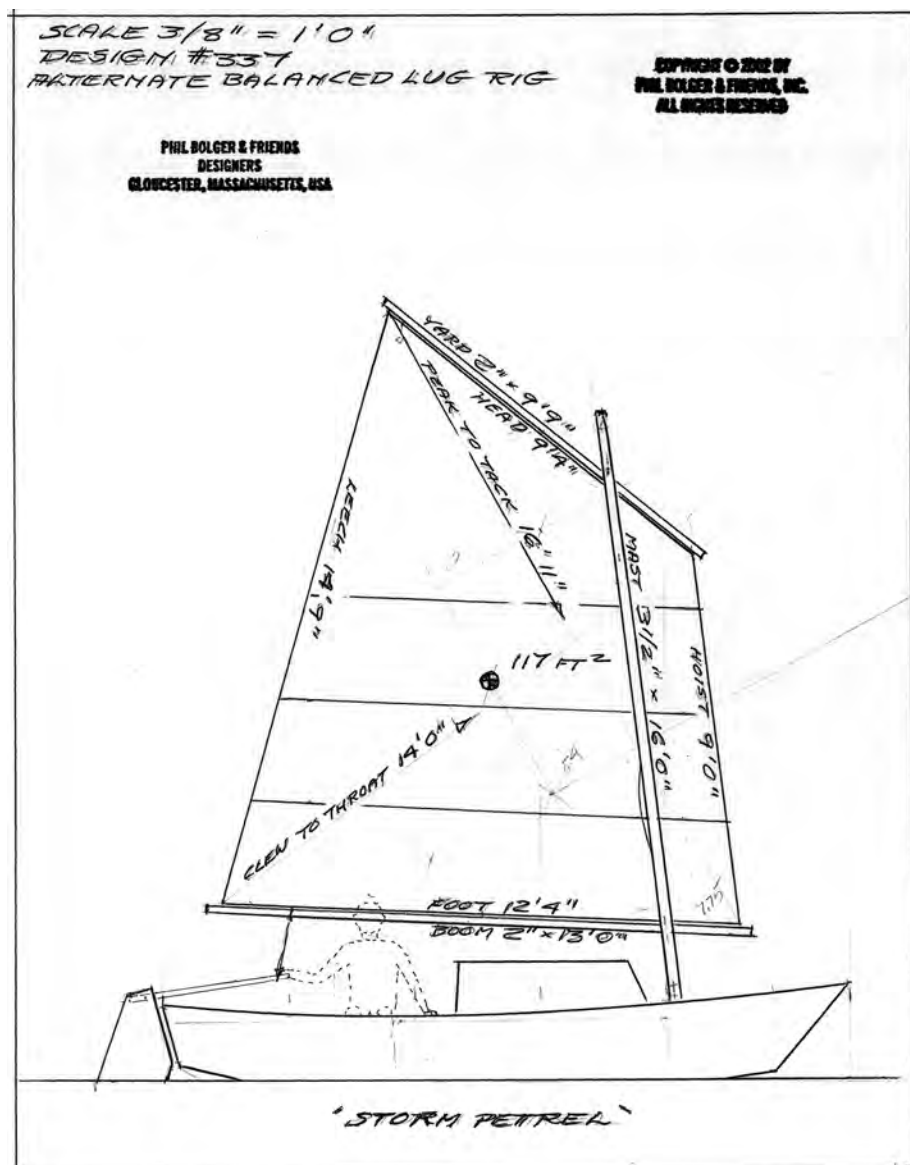
Self explanatory should be end plates on the rudders and streamlined steps every 6" up the trailing edge of the rudders along with vertical handholds above. I'd just cut the vertical blades out, fair leading and trailing edges, notch in those steps with nice epoxy fillets, cut out and round over the handholds and glass everything without even dreaming of asymmetric foils, all on a flat workbench. Plenty enough drama with those rudders already.

Self Draining Bow Well and Cathead

Phil spoke of the bow well as free flooding. Very simple and likely quite plausible on the open layout original deck plan, draining straight down through two 1" holes shaded forward by a clamshell vent each to help draw the water out at speed. Phil counted on lightness of the bow rising swiftly before filling up, it seems. However, after punching through white, if not the rarest of green, water even with the cabin's companionway clear and centerline hatch open all the way to the mast, we'd still not want to plan adding our weight to the sudden hundreds of pounds forward with the idea of somehow bailing that bow well.

So I'd rather complicate her just a tad by adding 6" thick foam buoyancy under a stout ply sheet (to absorb chain drops and other insults) to raise that bow well sole well above her static waterline to have it self draining on each side through long ports many multiples in area of those two 1" holes. With the bow well now much shallower and shorter aft due to the foam installation, that much less water draining rapidly and reliably through much larger openings seems of comfort while we steer her out of harm's way to not get soaked again. Same cockpit centric approach to at least allow from there to suddenly drop a 15-20lbs sharp edged chain enhanced hook to put the brakes on at will.

For a cahead I'd use an industrial fiberglass 3"x3" square tube, cut one side off to create a channel to guide chain and anchor



stock. Then, using another shorter piece of that channel, I'd bolt that upside down to the underside of the longer top channel, countersunk bolts (!) to support the shaft for the Vee roller over which anchor, chain and rode would run and to reinforce the upper channel for duty riding out a gale with the bow pumping up and down. Better yet, for such a heavy duty scenario I'd have ready a dedicated chock built into the upper edge of the topsides left or right near the bow.

Finally I'd consider mounting the cathead assembly on a pivot pin near its after end to allow readily retracting the cathead and anchor in locks, marinas, on her trailer. How far that cathead should extend forward is a matter of choice of anchor type and then worthy of a mockup to make sure clearance will be good. Whether we'd run a loop to, or the whole rode out of, the cockpit and along one side of the cabin trunk is a matter of more thought yet, practical experience. It still might be handy to stand in the cabin leaning against the mast with one shoulder while hauling the ground tackle up again, including studying its mud, seaweed, flotsam as it comes into the bow well. We'd sure want a second anchor in store aft with a number of mounting options, perhaps even on the face of one of the rudders, the one we'd not use as a boarding ladder.

Positive Buoyancy

Obviously plywood by itself does float quite well with seawater weighing around 64lbs per cubic foot while Douglas fir ply may come in at 38lbs for a net gain of 24-26lbs in positive buoyancy. Take some away from that number weight gain for epoxy, fiberglass, paint and, after adding up the buoyancy per sheet minus cutoffs, eventually we get a sense of what she will weigh, give or take, and what this plywood hull could support if flooded.

Usually on a skiff of her size that would be herself, floating looking almost awash, not much good to support a lot else. Here, however, we are looking at some 170lbs initially, now nearer 200lbs of steel in her ballast keel plus the weight of the outboard for another 50-60lbs, probably some 30-lbs for her anchors and related chain at least, that 18lb battery and whatever heavier than water matters you'll bring aboard beyond these 300+lbs that could drag her down.

So it helps to put some closed cell foam, pink, light blue, light green, here and there to begin to at least balance out that liability, some of it fully buried, others under thin plywood covering, 70lbs of buoyancy under that bow well sole, some 40lbs on each side of the tabernacle below the Wiley windows for around 80lbs, some 70lbs in each cockpit rear corner below the bench and 150lbs below the cockpit sole flanking the keel brace for a preliminary 440lbs versus that 300+lbs on the wrong side of the ledger.

Since I'd like more margin yet, and since I'd want to use her here in New England as close to three seasons as possible, I'd add an inch along her topsides from that drawer storage space to the mast bulkhead for perhaps 130lbs more, an inch in her cabin top for another, say, 40 lbs, if not house sides as well for another 60lbs, the latter two primarily for a much reduced risk of condensation, and the numbers are getting more agreeable yet with a total preliminary guesstimate of 670lbs versus the dreaded 300+lbs.

That built in positive buoyancy is permanently part of her structure, does not depend upon a closed hatch or screw plate, adds to the workload with tedious but light work, for a foam weight of somewhere between 10lbs and 20lbs for 650lbs, or around 340lbs of net buoyancy. And that would be very much in keeping with Phil's thinking about her being one of the more seaworthy types, these many decades later significantly enhanced in her safety margin.

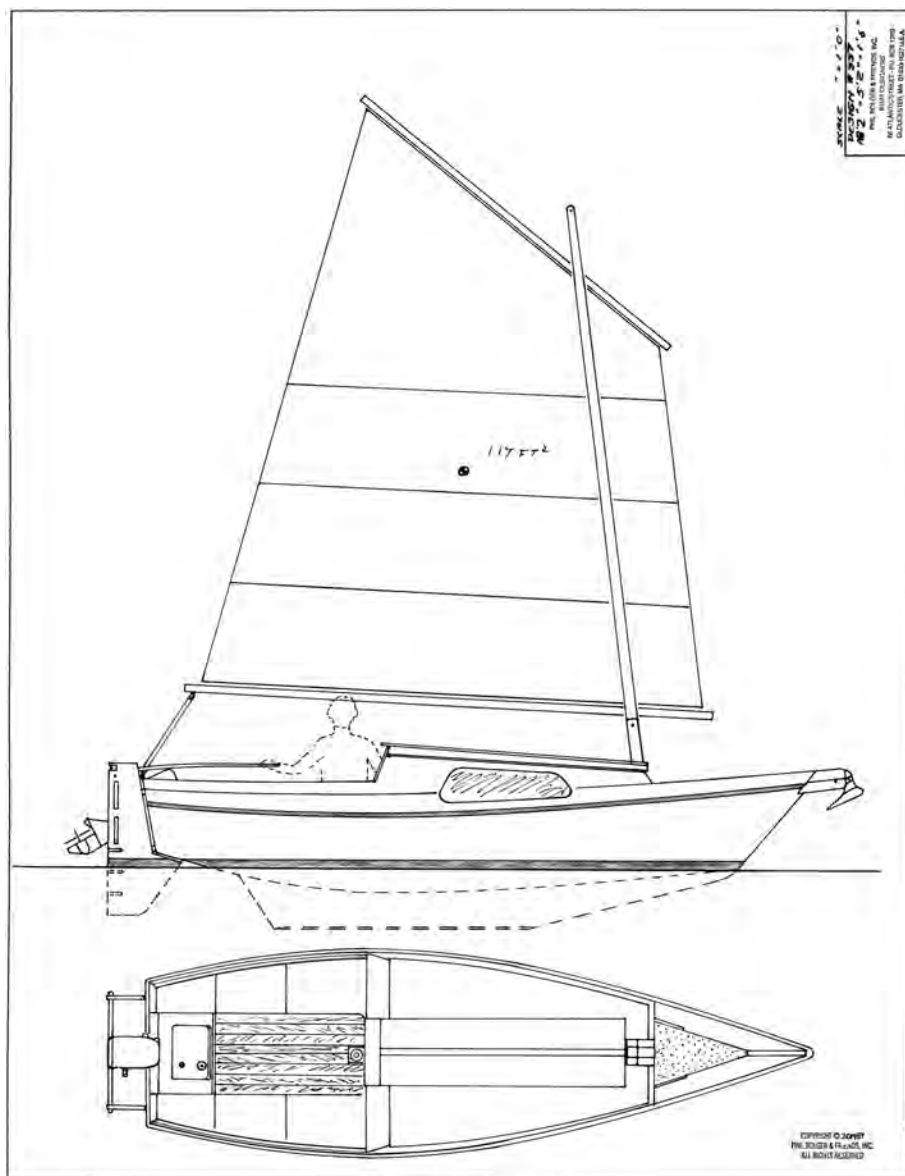
Notes on Her Hull Construction

Across many smaller and larger plywood designs in the middle of his body of work, Phil did prefer and justify the chine log on the outside of the joint between topsides and bottom, with the external chine log outside edge running along the outside edge of the bottom plate, meaning that the topsides could be often at least $\frac{3}{4}$ " inboard from the maximum bottom width. Phil cited a clean interior in dinghies, easy to dry as well, to keep wooden chine logs from rotting due to intermittent and hot and cold rain water sitting in the boat tied to a dock, to a mooring or just towed behind the mothership. And he'd rather have the bottom plate and the chine log take impact damage first rather than see the vital joint between bottom and topsides

be damaged directly to result in a leak if not serious structural damage.

Apart from the unusual appearance, my reflexive argument would typically be around concerns with the turbulences caused by that construction just at one of the more important locations of flow around that plywood shape. We both seemed right on this. Hence my eventual, and I can be remarkably slow on such matters, recognition to combine both thoughts. I'd keep the chine log in that location, in fact, even another topsides thickness further inwards to then use the thickness of the chine log to add a sheet of foam for buoyancy and thermal comfort above it up to a matching reinforcement at the top edge of the topsides. And that immediately suggests that that chine log better be 1" thick to allow easy use of 1" closed cell foam from the home center between two well epoxied plywood surfaces, in fact, epoxy soaked to keep the rot out.

This ends up coming together in a rather sweet confluence of desirable attributes of adding significant panel stiffness, thermal improvement in cruisers and even in open day boats a significant addition of integral buoyancy. NOT if you laminate all this flat on the shop floor. However, very successful if laminated one layer at a time following the panel curves over the bulkheads and other



supports to get that perfectly curved hull panel topsides or bottom actually.

Here on Storm Petrel her $\frac{3}{8}$ " topsides could be lightened to $\frac{1}{4}$ " for the inner layer draping over the bulkheads if you add that 1" wide chine log along with the 1" of foam to be covered with the outer layer of another $\frac{1}{4}$ " of plywood, that one already glassed right after joining it to full length with Mk-2 Payson Joints (see *MAIB* Vol 29, #3 July 2011, pp. 46-48). And that cured 10oz glass cloth layer wet in wet filled with a skim coat of light sandable weave filling epoxy mix will happily bend over the gentle topsides curve established already by the first $\frac{1}{4}$ " ply layer and then that 1" foam sheet. Then only some seam detailing required with a skinny glass tape over the joint with the bottom.

Yes, this adds another $\frac{1}{8}$ " of topsides weight (plus foam weight) but, apart from the thermal gain, it also adds much more impact resistance with hard edged gouging even 1" deep still not touching the inner ply layer. Even with hull penetration, if Storm Petrel has all the built in foam indeed installed, that should still keep her at the surface. Great insurance, especially on this minimalist well ballasted 1+1 keel cruiser. I'd immediately go for the (modest) investment in the extra work in return for the massive gains overall, no hesitation. And really only doable in a plywood/epoxy/fiberglass/foam matrix, from dinghy to global cruiser scale, well doable in home building settings that match epoxy use requirements.

Summary

Once understood as a single hander, at best a 1+1 cruiser, she is indeed a minimalist approach to do quite satisfying day sailing with that bigger rig to feel her out and thus invites getting lost around the corner in your local waters gliding along for some time out from the daily momentum, dropping the mast when in the reeds or to hide under overhanging tree limbs will offer near invisibility. And after a few overnighting sessions have allowed you to adjust to her and to sort out certain details for greater functionality yet, next staying out longer and soon sailing further away are the obvious next opportunities to really begin to yield your returns from the modest initial investment.

Assuming your sailmaker does know how to get the most out of this balanced lug geometry, that sail will cost what it costs but in typical annual weekends and few vacation weeks duty will, for most of us, be with you for the rest of your interest in that boat, assuming you cover it routinely from UV radiation or take it clean off the yards for which certain sail structural details may be good to discuss with the sailmaker for a reliable and yet quickly executed procedure.

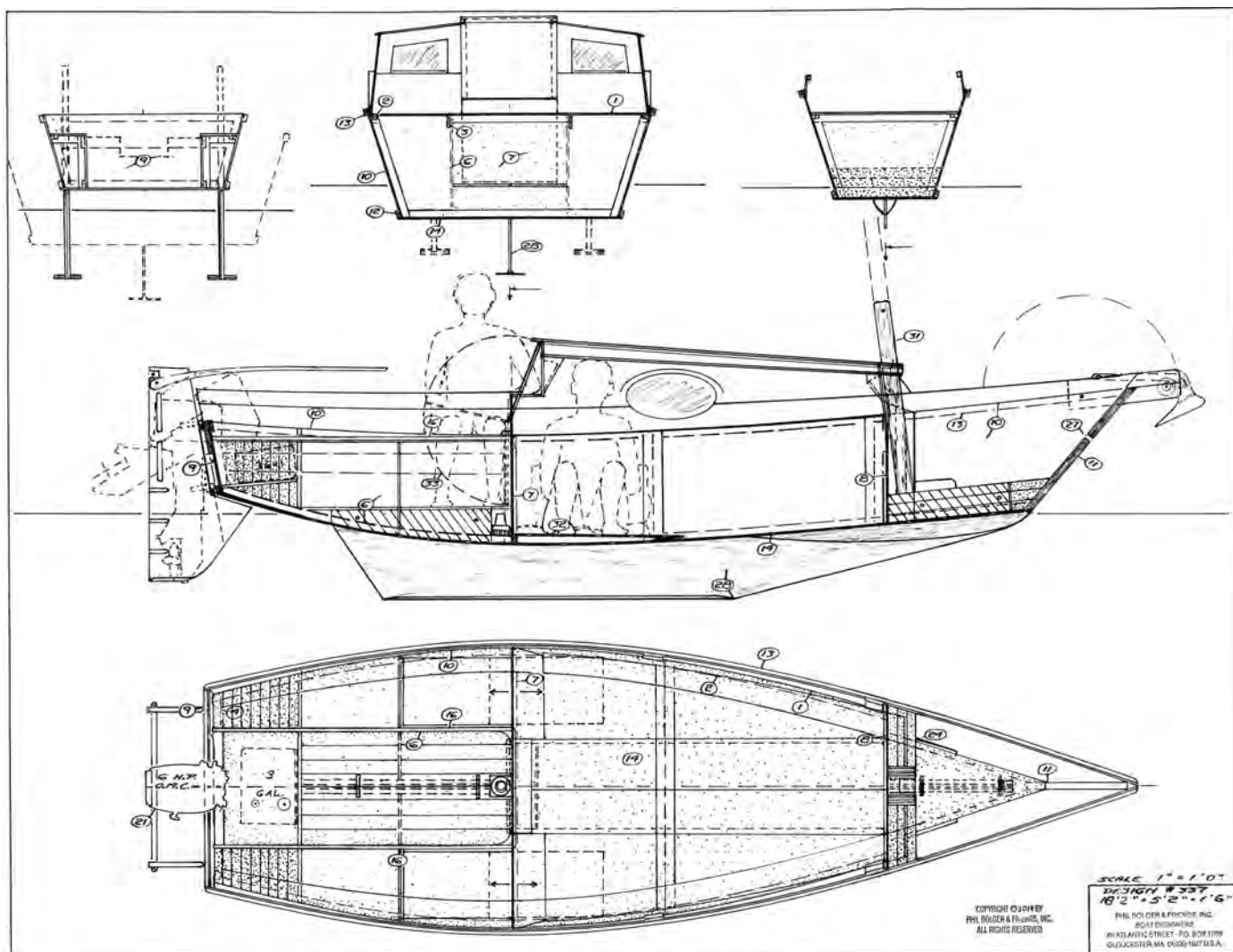
The cost of the steel plate keel is also what it is, still good value not needing to build a centerboard and case or a shallow long keel in plywood for instance. However, that is at the expense of never less than knee deep draft as a minimum necessary water depth to move

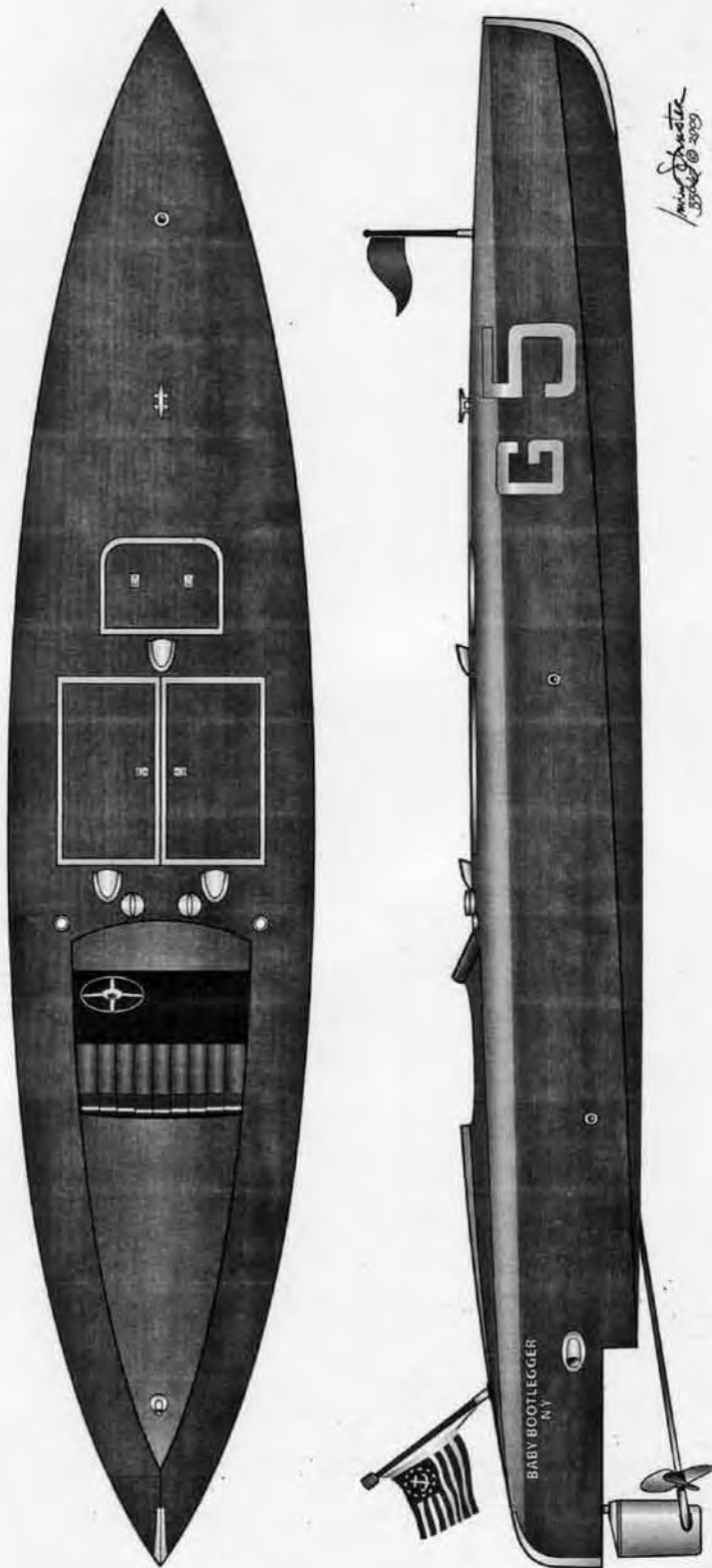
her. This is a reality on occasion in general and, in some coastal topographies, a much bigger drawback. But with legs to dry out on level upright quite manageable. You'll price local availability of hot dip galvanizing this 12' long piece versus conventional multi step paint process for instance you'd do yourself.

The original design amounted to about eight sheets of plywood in various thicknesses plus spar stock, then lumber for cleats, clamps, chine logs, etc and still not a lot of materials. That trunk cabin structure and the bow well and cockpit soles plus the keel braces add a few sheets, plus those to double skin her with foam in between.

That 5hp outboard may seem a lot but would be comforting, indeed, power sailing through and out of trouble and usually just sipping fuel when cruising in a calm at part-throttle. Some of these even come with little alternators. I'd carry 2x3gal tanks to spread around the weight with one, if need be, in the bow well. And for good measure whatever solar panel will fit her modest cabin top area.

Still sober rational minimalism indeed in this 1+1 cruiser-format. Easy to make well found for serious coastal pursuits, thus adding to good memories on a modest budget. Good to single hand perhaps for two weeks of autonomy, some will go farther. She remains one of the smallest cruisers in our archive, now much more able yet at that task, or so I'd claim. And to me, she looks quite agreeable.





BABY BOOTLEGGER

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Small Craft Illustration #20 by Irwin Schuster
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Some Thoughts from History about Rowing

Advice to Odysseus upon reaching home after his years at Troy and at sea... Go forth once more, you must... carry your well-planed oar until you come to a race of people who know nothing of the sea, whose food is never seasoned with salt, strangers all to ships with their crimson prows and long slim oars, wings that make ships fly. And here is your sign unmistakable, clear, so clear you cannot miss it: When another traveler falls in with you and calls the weight across your shoulder a fan to winnow grain, then plant your bladed, balanced oar in the earth and sacrifice fine beasts to the lord god of the sea, Poseidon.

(Homer, *The Odyssey* 11:138-149, trans. Robert Fagles)

And into the broad expanse, and into the bosom of ocean plunge, to behold the old man of the sea and the home of your father.

(Homer, *The Iliad*)

The vast swells of the omnipotent sea; the surging, hollow roar they made, as they rolled along the eight gunwales, like gigantic bowls in a boundless bowling-green; the brief suspended agony of the boat, as it would tip for an instant on the knife-like edge of the sharper waves, that almost seemed threatening to cut it in two; the sudden profound dip into the watery glens and hollows; the keen spurtings and goadings to gain the top of the opposite hill; the headlong, sled-like slide down the opposite side...

(Herman Melville, from Chapter XLVIII, *The First Lowering*, *Moby-Dick*)

It was a monstrous big river down there, sometimes a mile and a half wide; we run nights, and laid up and hid day-times; soon as night was most gone, we stopped navigating and tied up, nearly always in the dead water under a tow-head; and then cut young cottonwoods and willows and hid the raft with them. Then we set out the lines.

Next we slid into the river and had a swim, so as to freshen up and cool off; then we sat down on the sandy bottom where the water was about knee deep, and watched the daylight come. Not a sound, anywhere, perfectly still, just like the whole world was asleep, sometimes the bullfrogs a-cluttering, maybe, and next you've got the full day, and everything smiling in the sun, and the song-birds just going it!

We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft.

I was floating along, of course, four or five mile an hour; but you don't ever think of that. No, you feel like you are laying dead

Prepared by Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club, Traditional Small Craft Association for Sea Scout Ship Dragon Ship 584, Groton, Connecticut; Maritime Education Network, Old Saybrook, Connecticut; Groton Maritime Academy, Groton, Connecticut; John Gardner Small Craft Workshop Youth Participants, Mystic, Connecticut; John Gardner Chapter TSCA Youth Events, Groton, Connecticut.

still on the water; and if a little glimpse of a snag slips by, you don't think to yourself how fast you're going, but you catch your breath and think, my! how that snags tearing along. If you think it ain't dismal and lonesome out in a fog that way, by yourself, in the night, you try it once, you'll see.

(Mark Twain, from *Huckleberry Finn*)

There is no pleasure sailors have greater than sighting from the deep the distant land.

(Plautus)

Rowing is only a magical ceremony by means of which one compels a demon to move the ship.

(Nietzsche).

Captain Samaritano explained to them how fifty years of uncontrolled deforestation had destroyed the river: the boilers of the riverboats had consumed the thick forest of colossal trees...the hunters for skins from the tanneries in New Orleans had exterminated the alligators that with yawning mouths, had played dead for hours on end in the gullies along the shore as they lie in wait for butterflies, the parrots with their shrieking and the monkeys with their lunatic screams had died out as the foliage was destroyed...

(Gabriel Garcia Marquez, from *Love in the Time of Cholera*)

Jolly boating weather
And a hay harvest breeze
Blade on the feather
Shade off the trees...

(Eton College rowing song)

...tell why the glassy lights,
The lights in the fishing boats at anchor there,
As the night descended, tilting in the air,
Mastered the night and portioned out the sea,
Fixing emblazoned zones and fiery poles,
Arranging, deepening, enchanting night.

(Wallace Stevens, from *The Idea of Order at Key West*)

There was an ease of mind that was like being alone in a boat at sea,

A boat carried forward by waves resembling the bright backs of rowers,
Gripping their oars, as if they were sure of the way to their destination,
Bending over and pulling themselves erect on the wooden handles,
Wet with water and sparkling in the one-ness of their motion.

(Wallace Stevens, from *Prologues to What is Possible*)

The river glideth at his own sweet will...
But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizons utmost boundary...

...She was an elfin pinnacle;
I dipped my oars into the silent lake
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan...

(William Wordsworth, from *The Prelude*)

I have no long-oared ships, no company to pull him on the broad back of the sea.

(Homer: Calypso, in *The Odyssey* (trans. Fitzgerald))

Well, now to get the best craft we can find afloat, with oarsmen who can drench her bows, and tell those on the island to come home.

(Homer: Eurymachos, in *The Odyssey* (trans. Fitzgerald))

I reveled in long ships with oars.
(Homer: Odysseus, in *The Odyssey* (trans. Fitzgerald))

...from the bower's soft curtained and secluded luxury she sailed then, driven on the giant west wind, and armored men in their thousands came, huntsmen down the oar blades fading footprint to struggle in blood with those who by the banks of Simoeis beached their hulls where the leaves break.

(Aeschylus, from *Agamemnon* (trans. Lattimore))

...Get me a boat
That can carry two,
And both shall row,
My love and I.

(anon., folksong)

...following are three translations from Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus* (in reference to the area of Colonus, where according to legend the Greeks first tamed horses and built seagoing ships):

...here the smooth oar-blade. In slim and handy shape first learned to leap And chase the fifty sea-maids through the deep... (perhaps alluding to the oar-puddles of penteconters of fifty oars)

...and strokes to which our oarsmen sing, well-fitted, oak and men, whose long sea-oars in wondrous rhyme, flash from the salt foam, following the track of winds on waters virginal.

...And the shapely oar, well-fitted for the sea, in flying past the land leaps to follow the hundred-footed Nereids. (Nereids: the 50 daughters of Nereus, the son of Pontus (Sea) and Gaea (Earth), and Doris, daughter of Oceanus. The Nereids were associated with calm seas. One Nereid, Thetis, married the mortal Peleus, and became the mother of the Greek hero, Achilles.)

Two other translations from *The Odyssey*:
...as crewmen sat to the oarlocks, each in line. They slipped the cable free of the drilled stone post and soon as they swung back and the blades tossed up the spray... So the stern hove high and plunged with the seething rollers crashing dark in her wake as she surged unwavering...
(Fagles, trans.)

Now plac'd in order, the Phaeacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills, and
less'ning shores --
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main;
Back to the stern the parted billows flow
And the black ocean foams and roars below...
(Pope, trans.)

It was a matter of chance that I should have rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America. It was on that slender riotous island which extends itself due east of New York and where there are, among other natural curiosities, two unusual formations of land. Twenty miles from the city a pair of enormous eggs, identical in contour and separated only by a courtesy bay, jut out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western hemisphere, the great wet barnyard of Long Island Sound.

A child but yesterday, and now to scale
the sky?
Where gathered he his skill? What tutor told
him in?
The Universities deny That ere he
dwelt therein.
F. Scott Fitzgerald, from *The Great Gatsby*

Scholars have the books: and practitioners the Learning.
(Gabriel Harvey, *In Praise of the Artisan* ca. 1600)

Imagine that the Argonauts, as they went along, now and then uttered foolish cries. Like the rhythm of the chorale, which is such a voyage.

(George Seferis, from *A Poet's Journal*)

In safety we may reach the land with struggling oars.
(Virgil, from *The Aeneid*)

To manage an oar the five fingers of the hand must help one another.
(Giovanni Verga, from *The House by the Medlar Tree*).

Around here we usually think of rowing as a solitary art: a Sunday afternoon in spring drizzle out by the channel buoy with a gull or two or possibly once every three years a harbor seal playing tag with your oar blade; an evening sculling for bass up by the trestle just when the leaves are turning green and the grass begins to smell, or inside the cove itself in midsummer ghosting through the reeds for blue crabs at midnight with a gas lantern: a dawn row in October to the mooring to rescue something from the approaching storm. But this was to be a festival, a public display of the drifters and dreamers who still preferred oars over pistons or even genoa jibs.

The big pulling boat is somewhere back of my left ear. It makes, does that boat, one hell of a wave with all its pulling. As I lean back into the stroke, their coxswain hovers above. He dons a sardine fisherman's hat, and water is already pouring off its wide rim. With each stroke that rim flops, while above him a seagull hangs, pumping in parody. Out of the corner of my eye I can see something more serious: their huge ash oars bend, making a curve in the loom as fierce as a longbow. Just as this bow threatens to crack, it snaps straight sending a shudder of water aft, jerking that oar back out of my sight until we can match stroke and recover.

(Stephen Jones, from *Rowing Workshop*, Backwaters)

...To follow the drops sliding from a lifting oar, head up, while the rower breathes, and the small boat drifts quietly shoreward...
(Theodore Roethke)

I am welcomed on a boat, it's a canoe hollowed from a dark tree. The canoe is incredibly wobbly, even when you sit on your heels. A balancing act. If you have the heart on the left side you have to lean a bit to the right, nothing in the pockets, no big arm movements, please, all rhetoric has to be left behind. Precisely: rhetoric is impossible here. The canoe glides out over the water.

(Thomas Tranströmer, *Standing Up* trans. Robert Bly)

Thus sung they, in the English boat, An holy and a cheerful note;

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.
(Andrew Marvell, from *Bermudas* 1653)

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar;
Safe in the lifeboat, sailor, cling to self no more!
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

Trust in the lifeboat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;

Watch the "bright and morning Star," and pull for the shore!
(Philip P. Bliss, *Sunshine for Sunday Schools*, 1873)

Wanderer (rower), there is no path
Just windrows (wakes) in the sea).
(Antonio Machado)

Concerning tides, currents, et al. in navigation and in life:

"Whoso roweth agein the flod
Off sorwe he shal drinke..."
(Anon., ca. 1311, *On the King's Breaking His Confirmation of Magna Carta*)

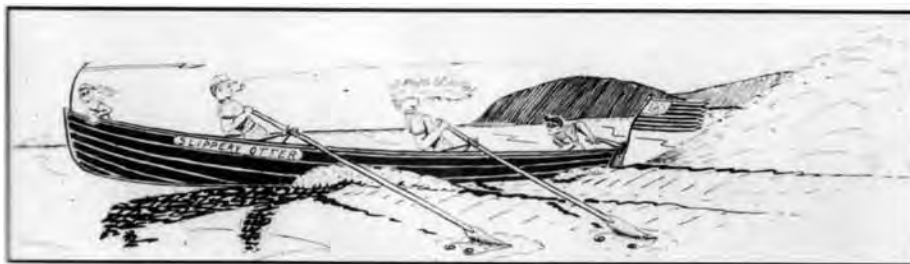
"But being at sea. the winde arose very sore from of the land, which put us all in great feare, whereby I by my selfe was constrained to row four houres alone on the larboorde side, and my fellowe rower was compelled to lade forth water as fast as it came into the boate, which did beate upon me, and over me, very sore, the winde being then by east and by south. Thus I was constrained to labour for life, and yet had almost killed my selfe through the heate I tooke in that time, rowing as is aforesaide, until we came to Mynette High Cliffs approaching Bristol.

(Richard Ferris, 1590, *The Most Dangerous and Memorable Adventure of Richard Ferris* ("Richard Ferris His Travailes to Bristowe" [24 June to 3 August 1590 from London, in an open "Wherry Boate," from *Greenwich to Bristowe* (Bristol). As reprinted in *Messing about in Boats*, August 2019)

Concerning teamwork:
Merie sungen the munches binnen Ely,
Tha Cnut ching reu therby;
Roweth, cnites, noer the land,
And here we thes moneches saeng."

("Merry sang the monks of Ely,
When King Cnut rowed there by,
'Row, knights, near the land,
And hear we the monks sing.")

Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club,
Connecticut River Chapter, Traditional Small Craft Association, PO Box 281, Old Lyme CT 06371



One of my big complaints as a rower is poorly fitted oarlocks. When I had my Thayer New York Whitehalls I was able to get unbored oarlock bases. I had a machinist friend machine fit the hole size to within .001" of the pins. Each pin was numbered to match a specific base. Each pin had a .125" wide by .0625" deep groove cut into the pin to hold grease, which was applied at least once per rowing session. When I sold the boats I checked the holes for roundness and there was no significant wear. The pins were all within .001" of original specification.

I am currently having another Whitehall built. Imagine my dismay at finding it impossible to get unbored oarlock bases in the style I desire. All of the suppliers say the same thing, "The looseness of fit is necessary to prevent the oarlocks from seizing in use." I have never had this problem and consider it an excuse for sloppy work, especially as most of the ones I desire all come from the same foundry.

This was made even worse when I purchased oars and locks for another boat. The previous horns, being properly fitted, had not caused any wear of the base holes. The new horns, in the course of two years of infrequent use, have made both locks oval despite regular lubrication. I am currently installing brass shims made of thin wall tubing in the bases. Here is my procedure:

Go to the hardware store and find brass tubing that fits snugly onto the oarlock horn stems. This will help you determine the hole size you will have to bore in the base.

Remove the oarlock base from the boat. It will make the next steps easier to accomplish.

Thoroughly clean all grease and lubricants off the hole in the base.

Oarlocks Should Fit Properly

By Eric Russell

The tools are presented in the order the job will need them:

Hacksaw, to cut the tubing cleanly. Make sure the ends are square and clean. The tubing segment should be about $\frac{1}{8}$ " longer than the length of the oarlock hole.

Thin wall brass tubing. I used $\frac{17}{32}$ " OD as it fit snugly on the oarlock stems.

Coarse emery paper to clean the leading edge of the tubing. This makes insertion into the base a bit easier.

Drill bit, just large enough to enlarge the hole, allowing the tubing section to be pressed into place. We used an adjustable reamer to do this, enlarging the hole in the oarlock base a couple of thousandths of an inch at a time. Our final dimension was .001" smaller than the tubing.

Propane torch to heat the base while pressing the tubing sleeve into place.

Bench vise, to press the tubing into the base. Do not use clamps as they tend to shift the compression off line and make it impossible to push straight. It is all right if a few small flakes of brass scrape off the tubing.

If the tubing starts to distort, either mushrooming or collapsing, extract the segment and discard it. If this happens more than once either the alignment between the tubing and base is wrong or a very small (on the order of .0005" additional material) needs to be removed from the base.

Valve grinding compound can be used if the diameter of the tubing is compressed too much for a good fit. Ideally this should not be needed as the grit tends to remain in soft metals. It is better to ream .0005" from the hole to improve the fit after the tubing is inserted. If the grinding compound is used, a very little smear should be sufficient. Make sure to remove all traces from the pin and insert when the fit is complete or the parts will continue grinding the hole larger.

If the fit is too snug but the oarlock pin can be inserted into the hole, work the horn enough to create a smooth, easy action. Always lubricate the pin and hole whether fitting the pieces or rowing. I have found that a shallow groove about $\frac{3}{8}$ " down from the top of the pin holds grease quite satisfactorily. Lightly lubricate the entire pin also.

Scratch matching marks into the bases and horns so to use the same pairing each time.

Finally, grind, sand or cut the excess tubing off the end and clean the inside edges of the hole so that there are no burrs to score the pin.

Reinstall the oarlocks, launch the boat and go rowing.

The reason for using brass is that it is readily available. It will also wear more readily than bronze. Once the initial installation has been done, replacement sleeves should be easy to insert. In a discussion with Steve Kaulback, he pointed out that bronze bearing materials are available at many of the better hardware stores. If it is available, bronze is more durable than brass so the job should last longer between replacements. It will probably require more machining to fit the inserts though. One way or the other, though, make sure to keep the oarlocks oiled when in use.

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Carvel planked wooden boats need to be kept wet. If they dry out, the wood shrinks and gaps appear which let water in. The wet wood swells and the gaps close. A friend of ours was a missionary in Central America and wanted a medium sized sailboat for his family to enjoy from time to time. A local boat builder constructed such a vessel and, when the hull and decking was finished, the boat was launched. He went down the next morning to look at the boat only to find it on the bottom by the pier. His boat, on the bottom already!

As he stood there looking on in dismay, the builder came up and looked at the hull under water and said, "It looks good. In a few days, we will pump it out." When the time came, the hull was raised and pumped out. There were no leaks and the boat did not leak for the rest of the time he owned it. The builder had set the planks properly for the type of wood used and when the wood swelled, all was well.

A carvel planked boat was built in the summer in a warm, dry, covered boat shed. All was finished and the boat was launched, only to sink as soon as it floated off the cradle. The wood was dry and the chalking between the planks was not sufficient to hold out the water while the very dry wood swelled.

I owned a carvel planked Navy whale-boat that had been converted to a sailboat. At some point the hull had been fiberglassed up to the waterline. Being a wood boat, the hull worked and the glass cover separated from the wood creating voids between the wood and the covering. The boat was on the ways for a bottom job when the marina owner showed me the "soft spots" where the glass was separated from the wood. He noted that there were no leaks inside the boat and glass was protecting the wood from the marine growth. He said he could cut open the voids and reseal or we could leave them alone as the glass was doing its job. I decided to leave the voids alone.

When I sold the boat I showed the spots to the potential buyer and explained what was



going on. The buyer understood the reasoning, bought the boat and, as far as I know, the voids were left alone. The new owner sailed the boat (with friends as crew) from St Marks (Gulf of Mexico) through the canal and on to Jacksonville. He reported that the boat did not leak during the trip and all was well.

Gluing broken items back together can be tricky with today's plastics and composition created items. A pair of boat shoes had separated at the toe. The sole was in good shape as was the leather part of the shoe. The local shoe repair people said that they could not put things back together again and have the joint hold due to the way the shoe was constructed. I tried some "leather" glue and while it does not look "nice," the two parts are together again.

We had a plastic hood for a bird feeder break when the feeder was knocked down. Superglue and other such adhesives did not hold the pieces together. I got out the soldering gun and melted the broken plastic back together. It is not structurally secure, but the melding of the plastic seems to have worked thus far. Oh yes, if you try the melding method of attaching broken plastic parts, have a fan running as the fumes are not good for you to breathe.

My pot metal outside rearview mirror on the Mustang cracked for some reason (old age and/or being bumped). I tried the various methods recommended for securing the two pieces back together to no avail. On a whim I used the "leather" glue. The crack shows, as does the glue, but the metal is back together and the mirror works as designed.

Electronic navigational aids are very useful tools. When LORAN C was the electronic tool available it was very accurate at getting us back to the spot where we had placed a race mark for a MORC race. The nice aspect of this tool was that it would take us back to a plotted position with little error. One time, following the indicated course to a mark, the LORAN said we were at the mark, which we were picking up after a race, and the mark was not visible until the mark and our boat were both on the crest of the waves. There it was, one wave away from the boat!

When GPS replaced LORAN, there was an initial error factor of up to ten yards or so. Over time the error was corrected and now we can use a calibrated GPS to the accuracy of the replaced LORAN C. This accuracy was handy one day as we towed a disabled sailboat back to Shell Point. The wind was from the north, the direction we were going of course, and the visibility was about 200'. The GPS said we were making about 3 knots toward the harbor entrance and gave us the distance remaining to the entrance with the boat under tow behind us. In time, one of the entrance markers appeared in the mist and we were able to safely get the disabled boat to its slip.

However, it should be noted that GPS, and other electronic tools, should not be the only navigational source for your boat's safe navigation. This is becoming especially important as cyber attacks on commercial vessels, port operations, electronic aids to navigation and the like take place. While not the subject of such attacks, pleasure vessels relying on electronic aids may suffer collateral damage if the cyber attack is successful. In other words, your boat's electronic navigation aids and related dependent operations may fail or give inaccurate information due to the cyber attack on the port you are near. It reminds me of when the early cell phones caused the magnetic compass in the self steering device to change the course a bit. Someone keeping watch, looking from the boat at what is around, is still a good idea.



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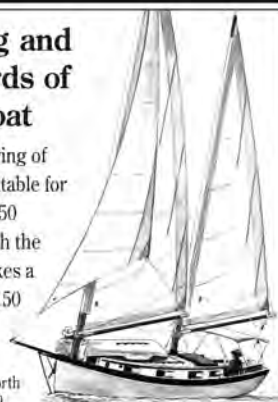
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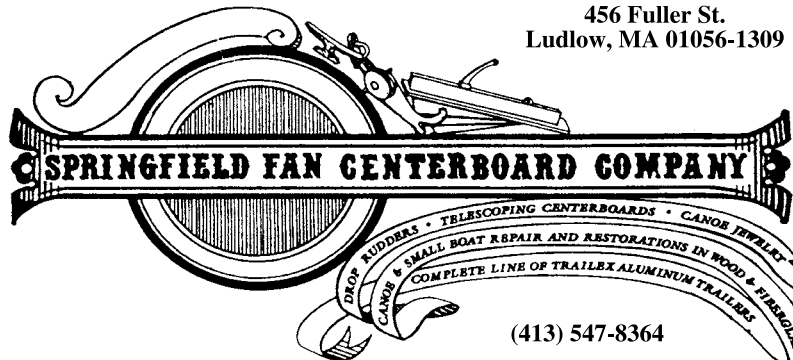
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Justin and Ian were invited to bring their boats to the Smithsonian for a 3 day educational exhibit. They were tickled, I was tickled, Steve was tickled. Even though Steve and I now have little to do with the company, when do your children stop being your children?

I asked Justin how it went. He replied, "Nothing stands out more than the pride of being in the same building as Lincoln's top hat. And the Batmobile. The museum's staff was wonderful. They helped with loading and unloading, Steve had 2 interns who'd studied up on the boats, giving me time with my family."

"What did the kids like best?" "Well, Sadie's favorite (Sadie is 7) was getting to talk to people about the boats her Daddy builds. She's quite the little ham! Her favorite part of the museum was the exhibit on the First Ladies' dresses. She's all about fashion."

"And Maddox?" (Age 2) "Maddox loves buttons and they had lots of them for him to push. He also loves animals. Most of all he likes to eat!"

We estimate the guideboat on the bottom to be about 120 years old. Our boat on top is one week old. We delayed our departure to give the varnish time enough to fully cure.

